

Praise Offering

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR

Prayer, Experience, Revival, and
Camp Meetings.

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1876.

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THE



✓
PRAISE OFFERING:

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR

Prayer, Experience, Revival, and Camp Meetings.

✓✓ ✓
By W. H. LANTHURN and E. S. LORENZ.

DAYTON, OHIO:

UNITED BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1876.

It has been our aim to make a book of sacred song which the lovers of Jesus would delight to use, and which the Master himself would be pleased to bless.

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PRAISE OFFERING.

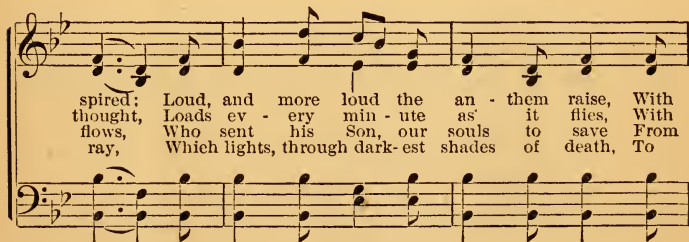
VOICE OF PRAISE.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1803.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-
 2. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose good-ness, pass-ing
 3. Lift up to God the voice of praise, From whom sal-va-tion
 4. Lift up to God the voice of praise, For hope's trans-port-ing



spired: Loud, and more loud the an-them raise, With
 thought, Loads ev-ery min-ute as' it flies, With
 flows, Who sent his Son, our souls to save From
 ray, Which lights, through dark-est shades of death, To

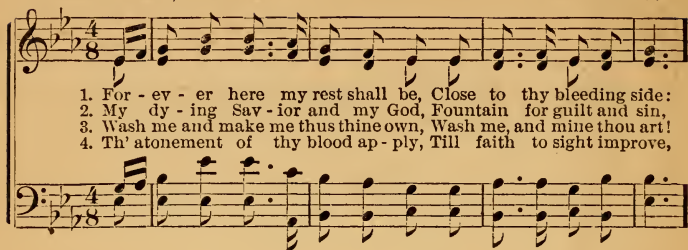


grate-ful ar-dor fired, With grate-ful ar-dor fired.
 ben-e-fits un-sought, With ben-e-fits un-sought.
 ev-er-last-ing woes, From ev-er-last-ing woes.
 realms of end-less day, To realms of end-less day.

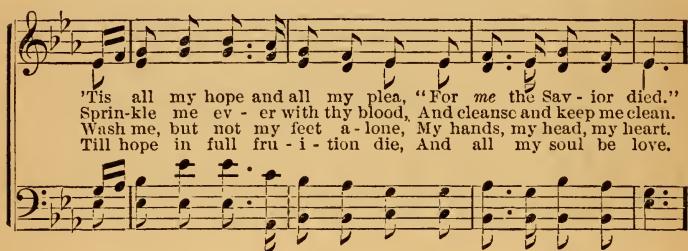
4 I WILL TRUST IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.*

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

T. C. O'KANE.

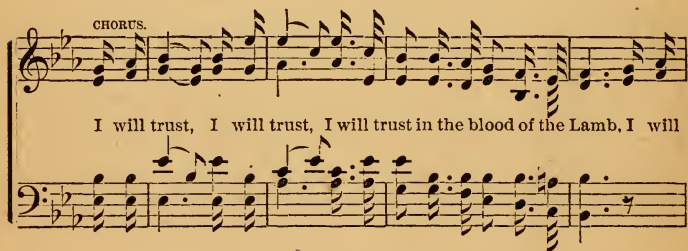


1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side:
 2. My dy - ing Sav - ior and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
 3. Wash me and make me thus thine own, Wash me, and mine thou art!
 4. Th' atonement of thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight improve,

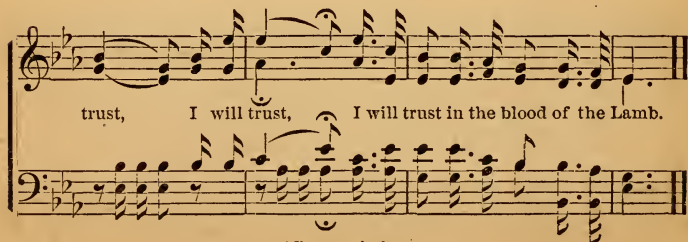


'Tis all my hope and all my plea, "For me the Sav - ior died."
 Sprin - kle me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
 Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

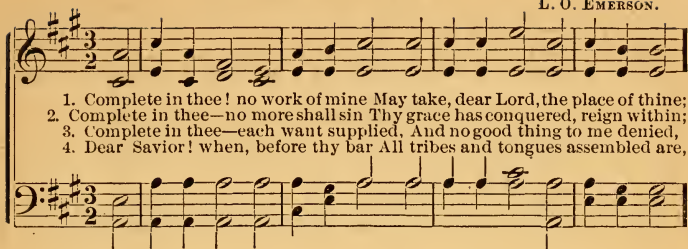
CHORUS.



I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb, I will



trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.



1. Complete in thee! no work of mine May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
2. Complete in thee—no more shall sin Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
3. Complete in thee—each want supplied, And no good thing to me denied,
4. Dear Savior! when, before thy bar All tribes and tongues assembled are,

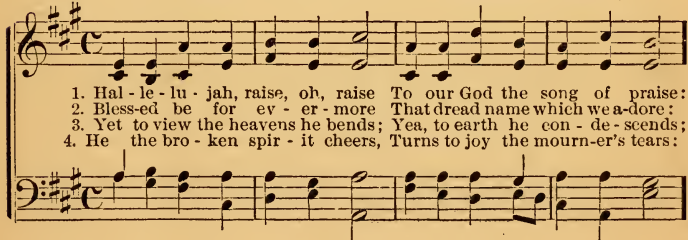


Thy blood has pardon bought for me, And I am now complete in thee.
 Thy voice will bid the tempter flee, And I shall stand complete in thee.
 Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be, I ask no more—complete in thee.
 A - mong thy cho-sen may I be At thy right hand—complete in thee.

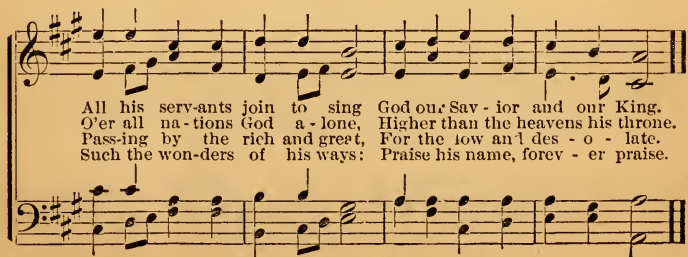
HARTFORD. 7s.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1789—1855.

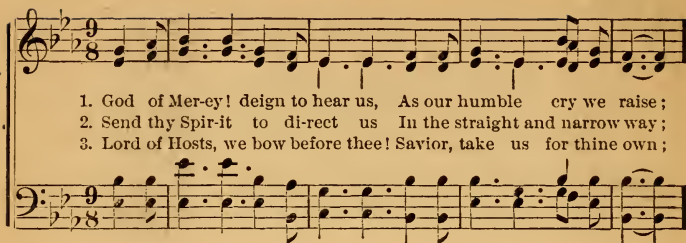
BENJAMIN MILGROVE, 1810.



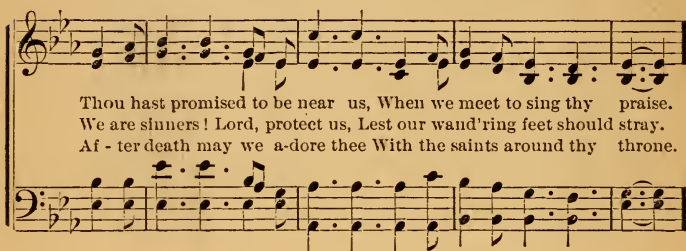
1. Hal - le - lu - jah, raise, oh, raise To our God the song of praise:
2. Bless-ed be for ev - er - more That dread name which we a-dore:
3. Yet to view the heavens he bends; Yea, to earth he con - de - scends;
4. He the bro - ken spir - it cheers, Turns to joy the mourn-er's tears:



All his serv-ants join to sing God our Sav - ior and our King.
 O'er all na-tions God a - lone, Higher than the heavens his throne.
 Pass-ing by the rich and great, For the low an' des - o - late.
 Such the won-ders of his ways: Praise his name, forev - er praise.

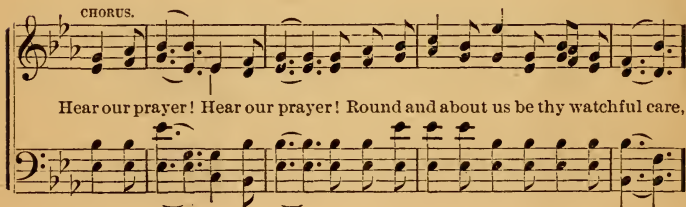


1. God of Mer-cy! deign to hear us, As our humble cry we raise;
 2. Send thy Spir-it to di-rect us In the straight and narrow way;
 3. Lord of Hosts, we bow before thee! Savior, take us for thine own;

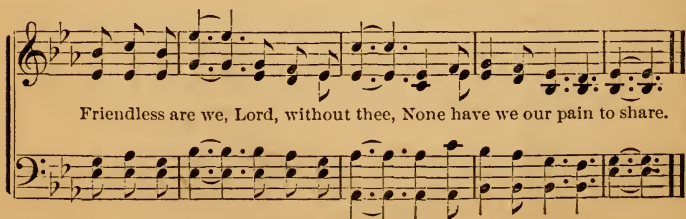


Thou hast promised to be near us, When we meet to sing thy praise.
 We are sinners! Lord, protect us, Lest our wand'ring feet should stray.
 Af - ter death may we a-dore thee With the saints around thy throne.

CHORUS.



Hear our prayer! Hear our prayer! Round and about us be thy watchful care,

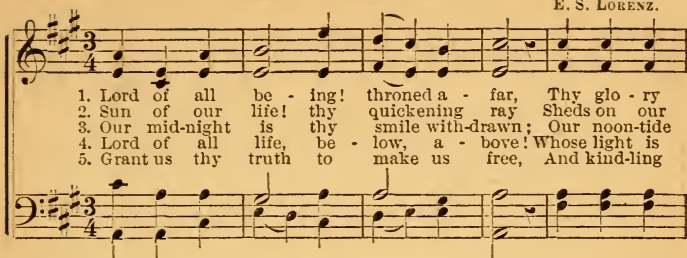


Friendless are we, Lord, without thee, None have we our pain to share.

LORD OF ALL BEING.

E. S. LORENZ.

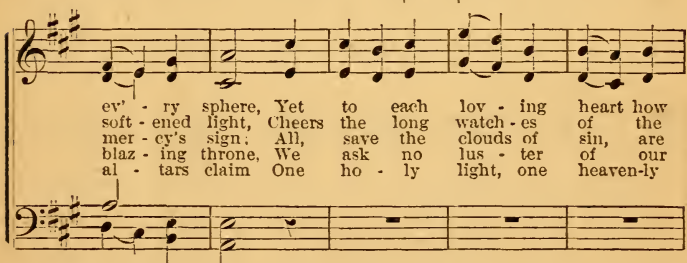
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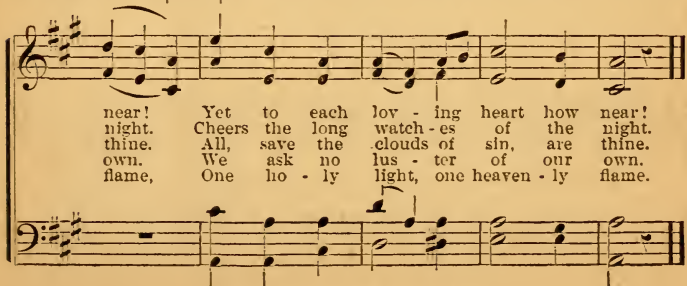
1. Lord of all be - ing! throned a - far, Thy glo - ry
 2. Sun of our life! thy quickening ray Sheds on our
 3. Our mid-night is thy smile with-drawn; Our noon-tide
 4. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove! Whose light is
 5. Grant us thy truth to make us free, And kind-ling



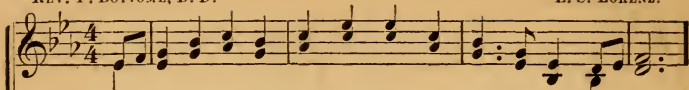
flames from sun and star; Cen - ter and soul of
 path the glow of day; Star of our hope! thy
 is thy gra - cious dawn; Our rain - bow arch thy
 truth, whose warmth is love, Be - fore thine ev - er -
 hearts that burn for thee, Till all thy liv - ing



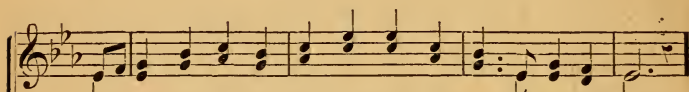
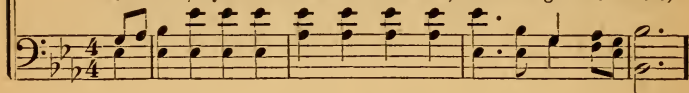
ev' - ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how
 soft - ened light, Cheers the long watch - es of the
 mer - cy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are
 blaz - ing throne, We ask no lus - ter of our
 al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heaven-ly



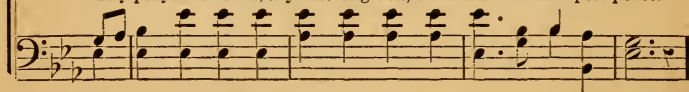
near! Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
 night. Cheers the long watch - es of the night.
 thine. All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.
 own. We ask no lus - ter of our own.
 flame, One ho - ly light, one heaven - ly flame.



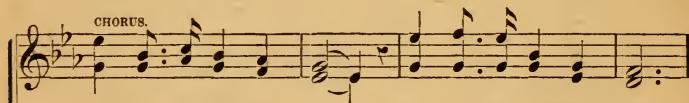
1. See, Lord, before thine al - tar bowed, Prostrate, my humbled soul,
2. A - will - ing sac - ri - fice at last, My - self to thee I give;
3. I yield thee all my hallowed powers, Thine on - ly will I be:
4. Poor, sin - ful, vile, my of - fering lies, Yet it is all my store;
5. Yet not for these, but for thy Son, That bet - ter sac - ri - fice!
6. Be hushed, my soul: a breath from heaven, Soft as the gen - tle breeze,



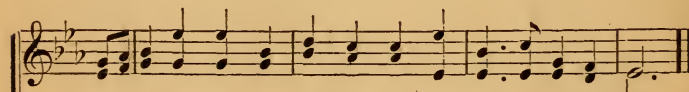
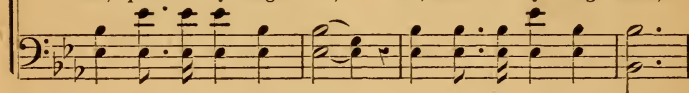
Till from a - bove the mer - cy cloud, Thy voice shall speak me whole.
 The wea - ry, pain - ful strife is past, I die that I may live.
 Con - tent - ed if I may but know Thou giv'st thyself to me.
 Nor wilt thou, Lord, the gift de - spise, Nor spurn the con - trite poor.
 Oh, to my long - ing soul send down An an - swer from the skies.
 "Thy prayer is heard, thy suit is given, And Je - sus whispers peace."



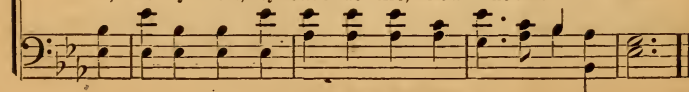
CHORUS.



Oh, for de - scend - ing fire, Oh, for the hal - lowing flame,
For last verse.
 Oh, pu - ri - fy - ing fire, Oh, sanc - ti - fy - ing flame,



Come, Ho - ly Ghost, my heart's de - sire, I plead in Je - sus' name.
 Oh, Ho - ly Ghost, my soul's de - sire, Now mine thro' Je - sus' name.

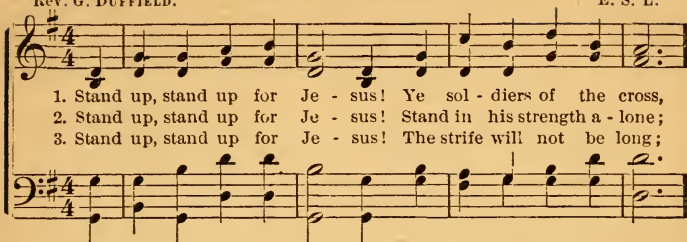


STAND UP FOR JESUS.

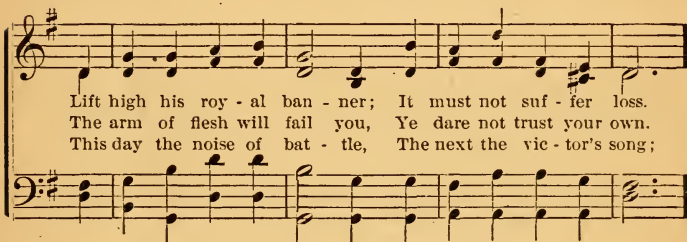
Rev. G. DUFFIELD.

E. S. L.

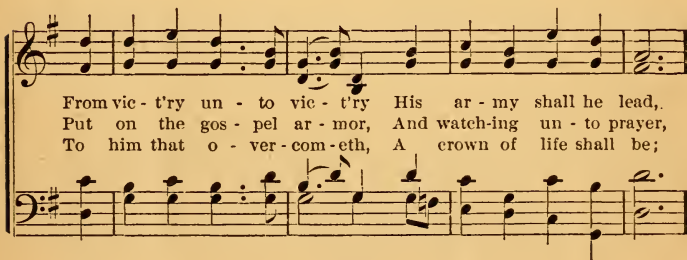
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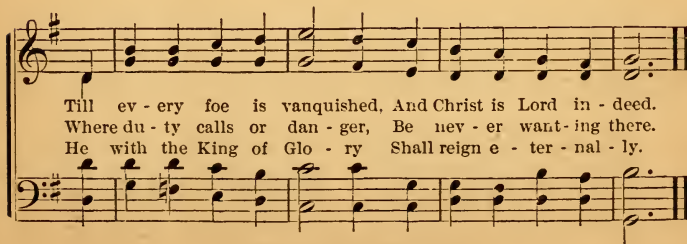
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross,
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength a - lone;
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



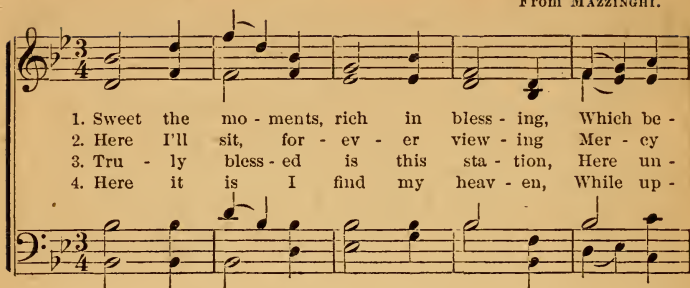
Lift high his roy - al ban - ner; It must not suf - fer loss.
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own.
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song;



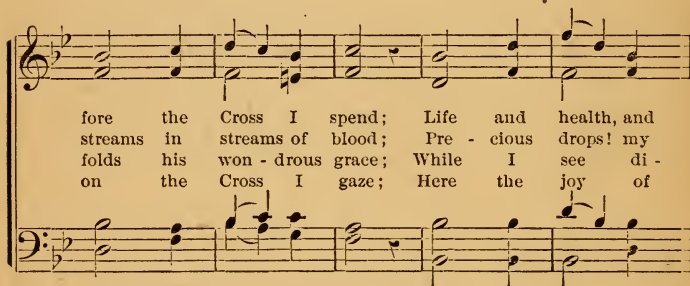
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he lead,
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watch - ing un - to prayer,
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



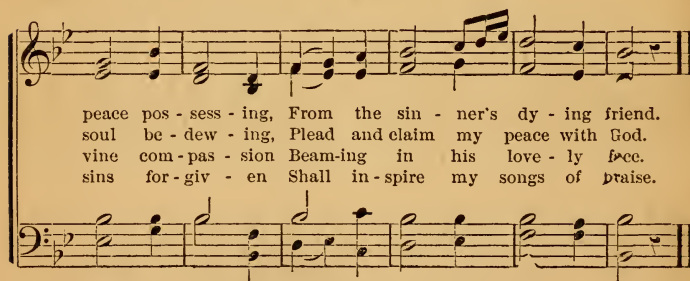
Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be -
 2. Here I'll sit, for - ev - er view - ing Mer - cy
 3. Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Here un -
 4. Here it is I find my heav - en, While up -



fore the Cross I spend; Life and health, and
 streams in streams of blood; Pre - cious drops! my
 folds his won - drous grace; While I see di -
 on the Cross I gaze; Here the joy of



peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing friend.
 soul be - dew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
 vine com - pas - sion Beam - ing in his love - ly face.
 sins for - giv - en Shall in - spire my songs of praise.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 While his feet I bathe with tears;
 Constant still in faith abiding—
 Hope triumphant o'er my fears.

6 Lord! in ceaseless contemplation,
 Fix my trusting heart on thee,
 Till I know thy full salvation,
 And thy face in glory see.

1. Sons of day, a - rise from slumbers, For the sluggish night is gone;
 2. Soldiers of the cross, ap - pointed, Girded for the glorious war,
 3. Bid the trumpet of re-demp-tion Greet our country's farthest shore;
 4. So shall Error be sup-plant-ed, So shall Truth her vanguard keep,

Swell the Savior's marshaled numbers, Marching where he leadeth on.
 In the name of God's An-oint-ed, Spread your victories a - far.
 Bold - ly claim our Lord's pre-emption, For the ag - on - ies he bore.
 So shall temple-homes be granted To the Shepherd's wandering sheep.

CHORUS.

Lift your heads, the day is breaking, Soon the morning will ap - pear;

See the earth from slumber waking, Lift your heads, the day draws near.

WM. STEVENSON.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. O sin - ner, no lon - ger de - spair, 'Tis Jesus who bids you draw nigh ;
 2. O mourning one, dry up your tears, There's gladness for you by and by ;
 3. O tempt - ed one, read - y to fall, The tempter you still may defy ;
 4. O weary one, burdened and sad, Discouraged, you scarcely know why ;

To his mer - cy - seat quickly re - pair, You'll find there's a helper on high.
 Tell to Jesus your sorrows and fears, You'll find there's a helper on high.
 If to Je - sus for suc - cor you call, You'll find there's a helper on high.
 If on Jesus your burdens are laid, You'll find there's a helper on high.

A helper on high, yes, a helper on high, You'll find there's a helper on high ;

To his mer - cy - seat quickly re - pair, You'll find there's a helper on high.
 Tell to Jesus your sorrows and fears, You'll find there's a helper on high.
 If to Je - sus for suc - cor you call, You'll find there's a helper on high.
 If on Jesus your burdens are laid, You'll find there's a helper on high.

1. Let ev - ery mor - tal ear at - tend, And every heart re-

joice, And ev - ery heart re - joice; The trumpet of the

gos - pel sounds, With an in - vit-ing voice, With

With an in - vit-ing voice, With an in - vit-ing

an in - vit - ing voice, With an in - vit - ing voice.

voice, With an in - vit-ing voice, With an in - vit - ing voice.

- 2 Ho! all you hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! you that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die, [thirst,
Here may you quench your raging
With springs that never dry.

- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 Great God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.
- 7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

1. Je - sus, full of love and mer - cy, Je - sus, full of truth and grace,
2. Teach us how to love and serve thee, Teach us ev - er how to know

Hear thy children's sup - pli - ca - tion As they bow be - fore thy face.
Thy di - vine and ho - ly pleas - ure While we wan - der here be - low.

We are full of sin and sorrow, All our help from thee must come;
When our work on earth is end - ed, May we hear the welcome sound,

Oh, re - ceive us to thy fa - vor, Guide us to our heavenly home.
Call - ing us to joys e - ter - nal, Where no sorrows can be found.

CHORUS.

Sav - ior, help us to re - ceive thee As our on - ly help and guide ;

Bear us o'er the surg - ing bil - lows, Land us safe on Canaan's side.

CAN ANY SAY? C. M.

1. Can an - y say, I do be - lieve On God's be - lov - ed Son,
 2. Can an - y say, my soul is saved From judgment, death, and hell ;
 3. Can an - y say, my heart is fixed, Nor long - er wants to roam
 4. Then come, and let us join to raise A glad har - mo - nious song,

D. C. Yes, I can say, etc.
For last verse only.

Thou, thou, art wor - thy, precious Lord, Wor - thy of all our praise ;

And trust my soul's sal - va - tion on What he in love has done?
 That Christ is mine; that I ere long With him a - bove shall dwell?
 'Mid scenes of vice and van - i - ty, Where peace can nev - er come?
 A - kin to that which ceaseless swells From heaven's immortal throng—

For thou wast slain ; oh, now re - ceive The song we glad - ly raise.

Cheerfully.

1. Cheer up, Christian! why that sadness? What has caused thy grief and fear?
 2. Cheer up, Christian! did thy Sav - ior Say no tri - als should be borne?
 3. Soon the mystery will be o - pen, Now to mor - tal vis - ion sealed;

Hast thou not some room for glad-ness? Is not Je - sus ev - er near?
 Nay! he led the way be - fore thee— Trod the wine-press all a - lone;
 Not a word that he has spo - ken But will one day be re - vealed;

Cheer up, Christian! why despond-ing That the way is dark and drear?
 Cheer up, Christian! be not faith-less, Lean up-on thy Sav - ior, God;
 On-ward, then, O Chris-tian: on-ward; Let thy faith and cour-age rise!

Cease thy fretting and thy murm'ring, For a light will yet ap - pear.
 Trust him where thou canst not trace him; Thou wilt find a rich re - ward.
 See! a glittering crown a - waits thee; Strive, oh, strive to win the prize.

THE WAY, TRUTH, AND LIFE.

17

By permission.

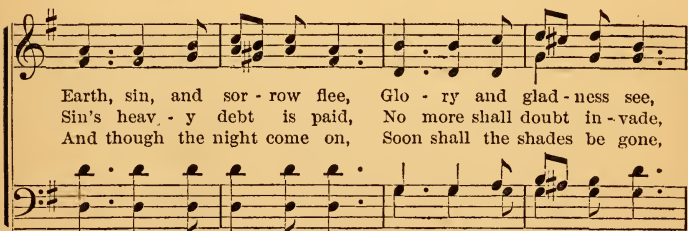
T. C. O'KANE.



1. Come, broth - er— Je - sus saith: I am the way;
 2. Here rest, then, troub - led heart, I am the truth;
 3. Fear not the gloom - y vale, I am the life;



Here find the heav - en - ly path, I am the way.
 Peace let my truth im - part, I am the truth.
 My word can nev - er fail, I am the life.

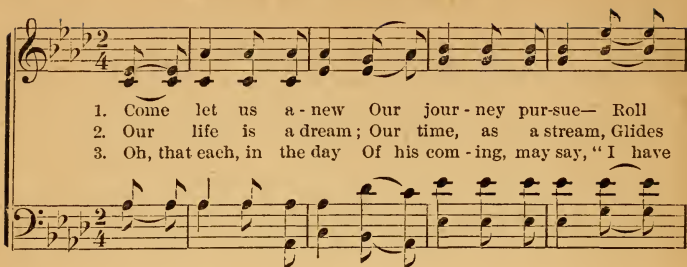


Earth, sin, and sor - row flee, Glo - ry and glad - ness see,
 Sin's heav - y debt is paid, No more shall doubt in - vade,
 And though the night come on, Soon shall the shades be gone,

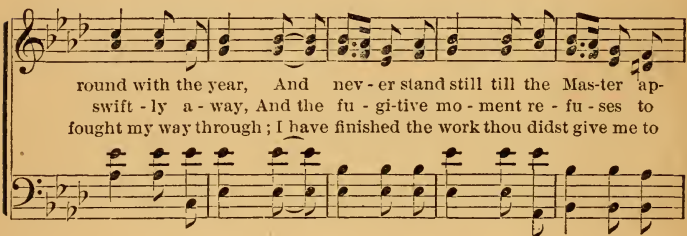


Let me your pat - tern be, I am the way.
 Bright hopes shall nev - er fade, I am the truth.
 Soon will the morn - ing dawn, I am the life.

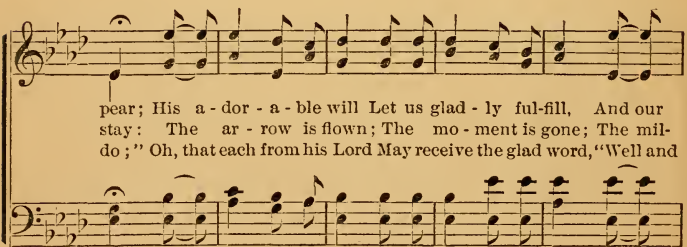
[The above beautiful hymn was found among the papers of the late Col. S. S. Fisher. It had never been transcribed from the original draft, and is now for the first time published.—*Editor Cincinnati Gazette.*]



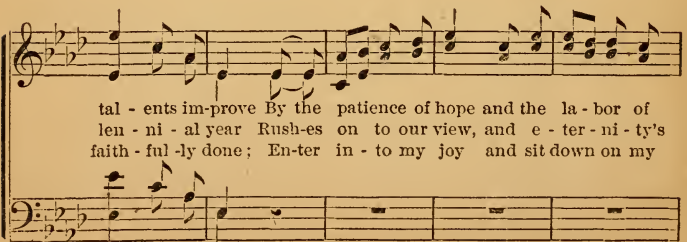
1. Come let us a-new Our jour-ney pur-sue— Roll
 2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides
 3. Oh, that each, in the day Of his com-ing, may say, "I have



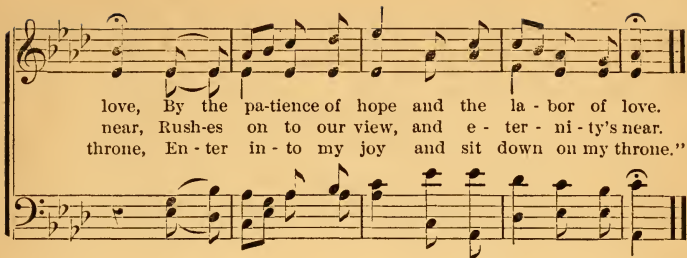
round with the year, And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-
 swift-ly a-way, And the fu-gi-tive mo-ment re-fu-ses to
 fought my way through; I have finished the work thou didst give me to



pear; His a-dor-a-ble will Let us glad-ly ful-fill, And our
 stay: The ar-row is flown; The mo-ment is gone; The mil-
 do;" Oh, that each from his Lord May receive the glad word, "Well and

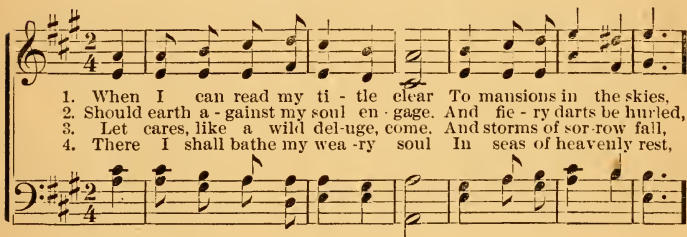


tal-ents im-prove By the patience of hope and the la-bor of
 len-ni-al year Rush-es on to our view, and e-ter-ni-ty's
 faith-ful-ly done; En-ter in-to my joy and sit down on my

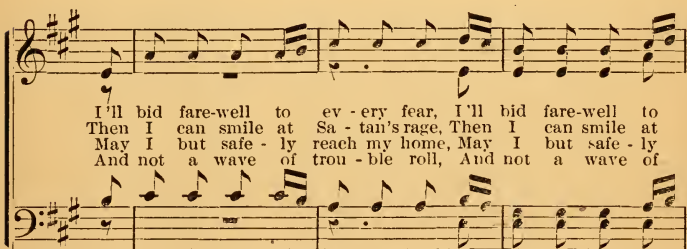


love, By the pa-tience of hope and the la - bor of love.
 near, Rush-es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's near.
 throne, En - ter in - to my joy and sit down on my throne."

ASPIRATION. C. M.



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
 2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage. And fie - ry darts be hurled,
 3. Let cares, like a wild del-uge, come. And storms of sor-row fall,
 4. There I shall bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heavenly rest,



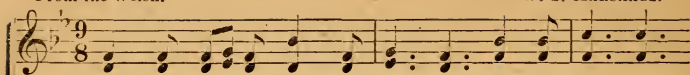
I'll bid fare-well to ev - ery fear, I'll bid fare-well to
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, Then I can smile at
 May I but safe - ly reach my home, May I but safe - ly
 And not a wave of trou - ble roll, And not a wave of



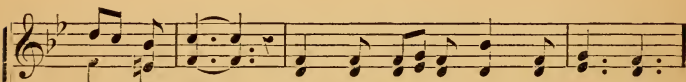
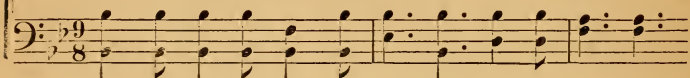
ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
 Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
 reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
 trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

From the Welsh.

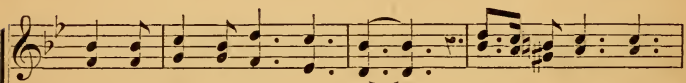
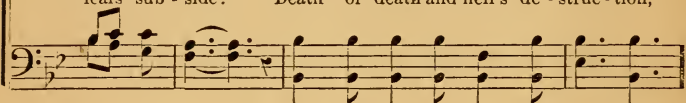
W. S. MARSHALL.



1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the heal - ing
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious



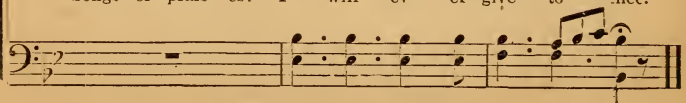
bar - ren land; I am weak, but thou art might - y,
streams do flow; Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar
fears sub - side. Death of death and hell's de - struc - tion,

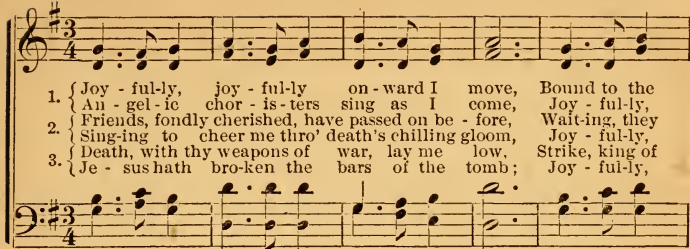


Hold me with thy power - ful hand; Bread of heav - en
Lead me all the jour - ney through: Strong De - liv - 'rer!
Land me safe on Ca - naan's side: Songs of prais - es!

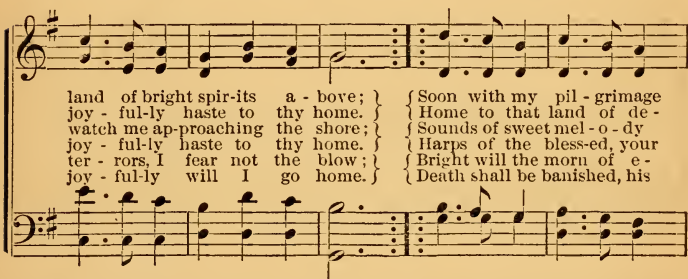


Bread of Heav - en! Feed me till I want - no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer! Be thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es! I will ev - er give to thee.






1. { Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly on - ward I move, Bound to the
 2. { An - gel-ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, Joy - ful-ly,
 3. { Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on be - fore, Wait-ing, they
 4. { Sing-ing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom, Joy - ful-ly,
 5. { Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low. Strike, king of
 6. { Je - sushath bro-ken the bars of the tomb; Joy - ful-ly,



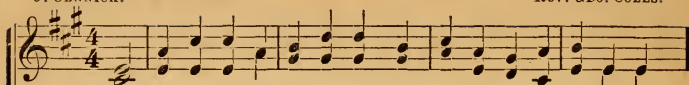
land of bright spir-its a - bove; } { Soon with my pil - grimage
 joy - ful-ly haste to thy home. } { Home to that land of de -
 watch me ap-proaching the shore; } { Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy
 joy - ful-ly haste to thy home. } { Harps of the bless-ed, your
 ter - rors, I fear not the blow; } { Bright will the morn of e -
 joy - ful-ly will I go home. } { Death shall be banished, his



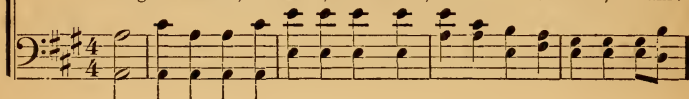
end - ed be - low, } { Pil-gim and stran-ger, no more shall I
 light will I go. } { Rings with the har - mo - ny heaven's high
 fall on my ear; } { Joy - ful - ly, then, shall I wit-ness his
 voice - I hear; } {
 ter - ni - ty dawn, } {
 scep - ter be gone; } {



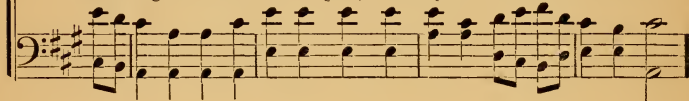
roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.
 dome, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.
 doom, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly safe - ly at home.



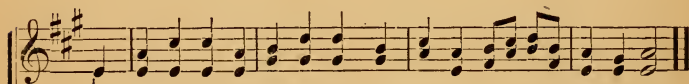
1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He, whom I fixed my hopes upon ;
2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not,
3. Lo! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to thee, as I am :



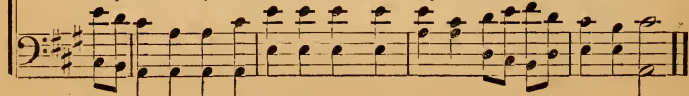
His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way, till him I view.
My grief a burden long has been, Be - cause I was not saved from sin.
Noth - ing but sin have I to give, Noth-ing but love shall I receive.



The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment ;
The more I strove against its power, I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Then will I tell to sin-ners round, What a dear Savior I have found ;



The King's highway of ho-li-ness I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
Till late I heard my Savior say, Come hither, soul, I am the way.
I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And say, Be-hold the way to God.



Irish Melody. Arr. by ELAM IVES, Jr. (1802-1864). 1846.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing, happy throng?
 2. These thro' fi - ery tri - als trod; These from great af - flic - tion came;
 3. Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown, On im - mor - tal fruits they feed;

Round the al - tar night and day, Hymning one tri - umph - ant song?
 Now, be - fore the throne of God, Sealed with his al - mighty name;
 Then the Lamb, a - mid the throne, Shall to liv - ing fountains lead;

"Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain, Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,
 Clad in rai - ment pure and white, Vic - tor - palms in ev - ery hand,
 Joy and glad - ness ban - ish sighs; Per - fect love dis - pels all fears;

Wis - dom, rich - es to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - ery hour."
 Thro' their great Redeemer's might, More than con - quer - ors they stand.
 And for - ev - er from their eyes God shall wipe a - way their tears.

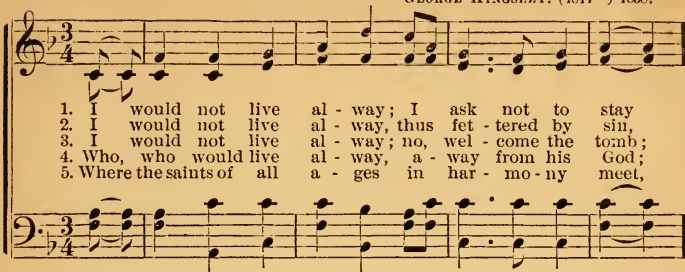
1. Af - ter the Chris-tian's tears, Af - ter his fights and fears,
 2. Af - ter this ho - ly calm, This rest on Je - sus' arm;
 3. And when the work is done, When the last soul is won,

Af - ter his wea - ry cross, All things be - low but loss—What
 Af - ter this deep-ened love For the pure home a - bove—What
 When Je - sus' love and power Have cheered the dying hour—What

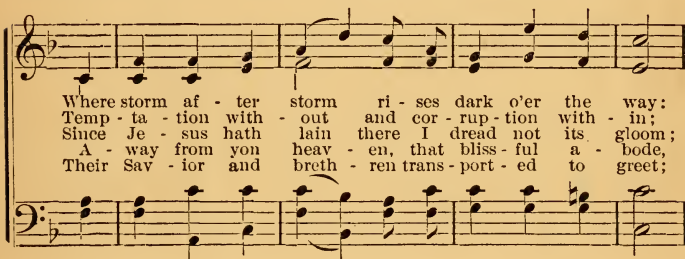
then? Oh, then a ho - ly calm, Rest - ing on Je - sus' arm;
 then? Oh, then a work for him, Per - ish - ing souls to win,
 then? Oh, then the crown is given; Oh, then the rest in heaven;

Oh, then a deep - er love For the pure home a - bove.
 Then Je - sus' pres-ence near, Death's dark-est hour to cheer.
 Endless life in end - less day; Sin and sor - row passed a - way.

GEORGE KINGSLEY. (1811—) 1838.



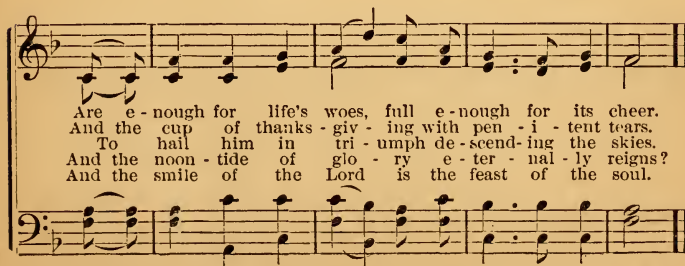
1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay
 2. I would not live al - way, thus fet - tered by sin,
 3. I would not live al - way; no, wel - come the tomb;
 4. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God;
 5. Where the saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet,



Where storm af - ter storm ri - ses dark o'er the way;
 Temp - ta - tion with - out and cor - rup - tion with - in;
 Since Je - sus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
 A - way from yon heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode,
 Their Sav - ior and breth - ren trans - port - ed to greet;



The few lu - rid morn - ings, that dawn on us here,
 E'en the rap - ture of par - don is min - gled with fears,
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise,
 Where the riv - ers of pleas - ure flow o'er the bright plains,
 While the an - thems of rap - ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll,



Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.
 And the cup of thanks - giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears.
 To hail him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.
 And the noon - tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns?
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

LOOK TO THE SHORE.

Words and Music by WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. Look to the shore, brother, look to the shore, Fear not the
 2. Look to the shore, brother, look to the shore, Thro' deeper
 3. Look to the shore, brother, look to the shore, Seek there to

tempests that wildly roar; Tho' Life's deep billows should oft overwhelm you
 surges Christ passed before; 'Mid daily burdens, O think what he
 rest when life shall be o'er; See thro' the breakers the glory in

o'er, Strike thro' their foaming rage and look to the shore:
 bore, Cling to Hope's anchor still and look to the shore:
 store, Cast off your doubts and fears, and look to the shore:

REFRAIN.
 Look to the shore, look to the shore, When mocked by
 Look to the shore, Look to the shore,

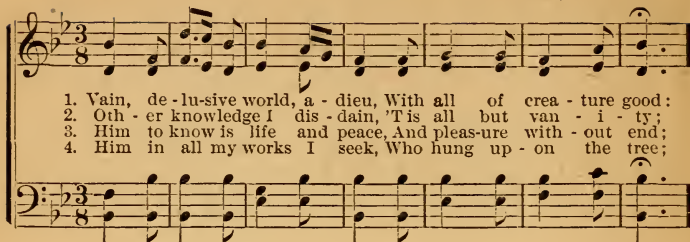
toil and strife; Oh! look to the shore, look to the shore, look to the
Look to the shore,

shore, Turn from the storms of life and look to the shore.
Look to the shore,

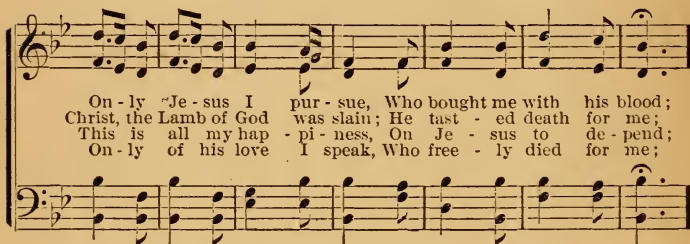
ST. LOUIS. 7s.

1. Gracious Lord, incline thine ear, My requests vouchsafe to hear:
2. Lord, de-ny me what thou wilt, On - ly take a-way my guilt;
3. All un-ho - ly and unclean, I am nothing else but sin;
4. Oh, my God! what shall I say? Take, oh, take my sins a - way!

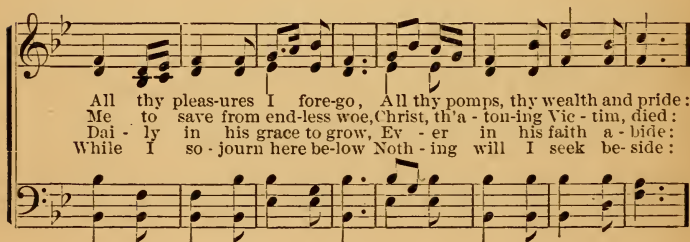
Much distressed with guilt am I; Give me Je - sus, or I die.
Mourning at thy feet I lie Give me Je - sus, or I die.
I to thee for mer-cy fly; Give me Je - sus, or I die.
Je - sus' blood to me ap - ply; Give me Je - sus, or I die.



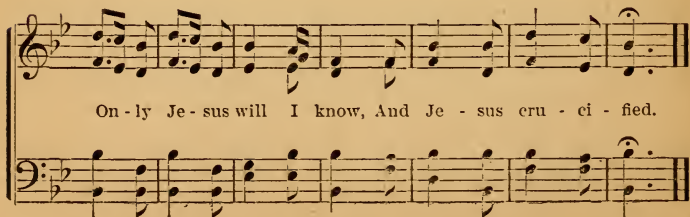
1. Vain, de-lu-sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea - ture good :
 2. Oth - er knowledge I dis - dain, 'Tis all but van - i - ty ;
 3. Him to know is life and peace, And pleas-ure with - out end ;
 4. Him in all my works I seek, Who hung up - on the tree ;



On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood ;
 Christ, the Lamb of God was slain ; He tast - ed death for me ;
 This is all my hap - pi - ness, On Je - sus to de - pend ;
 On - ly of his love I speak, Who free - ly died for me ;



All thy pleas-ures I fore-go, All thy pomps, thy wealth and pride :
 Me to save from end-less woe, Christ, th'a - ton-ing Vic - tim, died :
 Dai - ly in his grace to grow, Ev - er in his faith a - bide :
 While I so - journ here be-low Noth - ing will I seek be-side :



On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

1. Lord, weak and impotent I stand, As fet-tered by an unseen hand;
 2. In vain I strug-gle to be free; I would, but can not, fly to thee;
 3. Oh! bring me nearer, nearer still, That thine own peace my soul may fill,
 4. Here, Lord, I would forev-er bide, And nev-er wander from thy side:

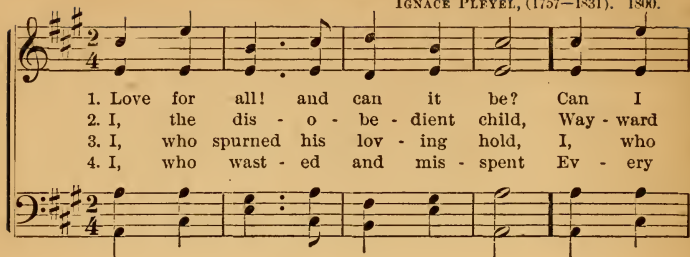
Break thou the strong and subtle band, And draw me close to thee.
 Ope thou the pris-on door for me, And draw me close to thee.
 And I may rest in thy sweet will; Lord, draw me close to thee.
 Beneath thy wings do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

CHORUS.

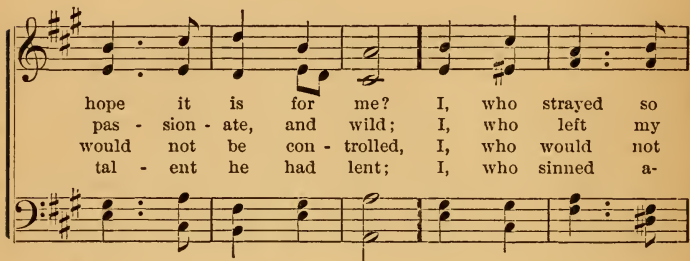
Draw me close to thee, Sav-ior, Draw me close to thee;
 close to thee, Sav-ior, close to thee;

Be-neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee

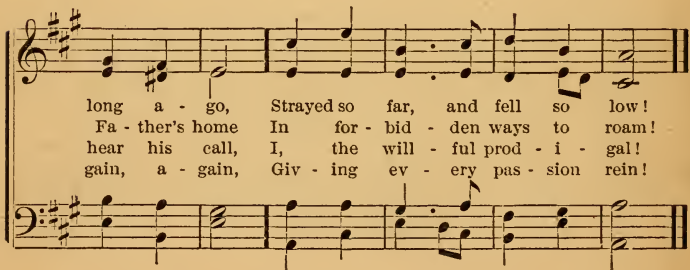
IGNACE PLEYEL, (1757-1831). 1800.



1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I
 2. I, the dis - o - be - dient child, Way - ward
 3. I, who spurned his lov - ing hold, I, who
 4. I, who wast - ed and mis - spent Ev - ery



hope it is for me? I, who strayed so
 pas - sion - ate, and wild; I, who left my
 would not be con - trolled, I, who would not
 tal - ent he had lent; I, who sinned a -



long a - go, Strayed so far, and fell so low!
 Fa - ther's home In for - bid - den ways to roam!
 hear his call, I, the will - ful prod - i - gal!
 gain, a - gain, Giv - ing ev - ery pas - sion rein!

5 To my Father can I go?
 At his feet myself I'll throw,
 In his house there yet may be
 Place, a servant's place, for me.

6 See, my Father waiting stands;
 See, he reaches out his hands;
 God is love! I know, I see,
 Love for me—yes, even me.

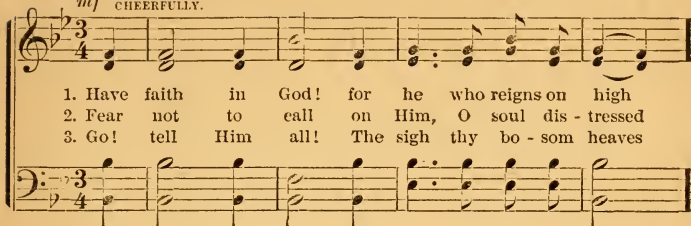
HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

31

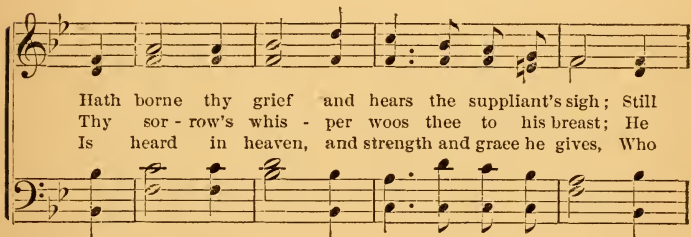
Words by ANNA SUEPLIN.

Music by KARL REDEN. By per.

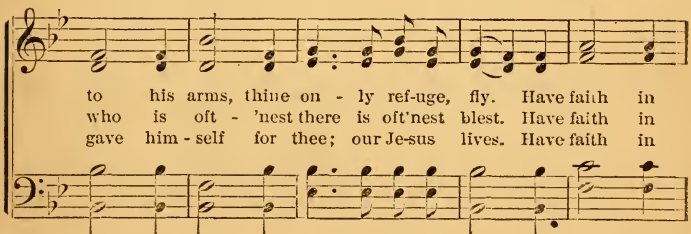
mf CHEERFULLY.



1. Have faith in God! for he who reigns on high
 2. Fear not to call on Him, O soul dis-tressed
 3. Go! tell Him all! The sigh thy bo-som heaves



Hath borne thy grief and hears the suppliant's sigh; Still
 Thy sor-row's whis-per woos thee to his breast; He
 Is heard in heaven, and strength and grace he gives, Who



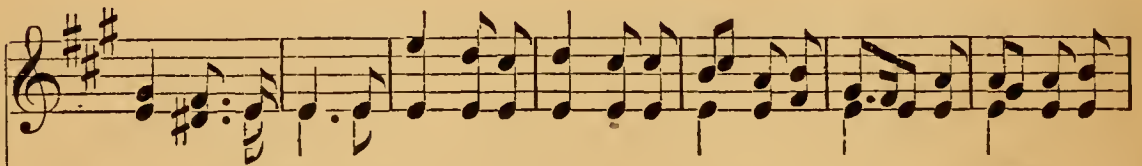
to his arms, thine on-ly ref-uge, fly. Have faith in
 who is oft-'nest there is oft'nest blest. Have faith in
 gave him-self for thee; our Je-sus lives. Have faith in



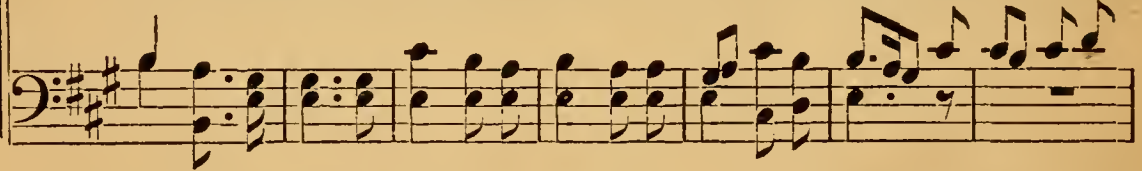
God! Have faith in God! Have faith, have faith in God!
 God! Have faith in God! Have faith, have faith in God!
 God! Have faith in God! Have faith, have faith in God!



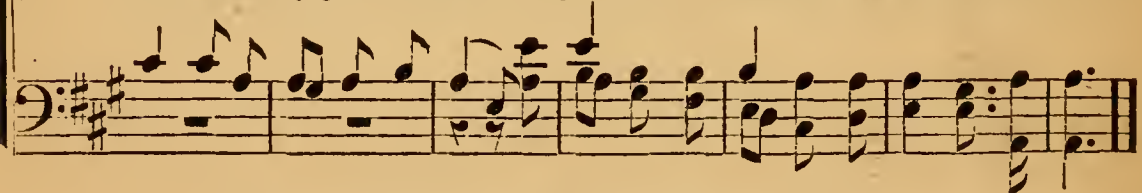
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his
2. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, and will
3. When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of woe shall not
4. When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace all-sufficient shall



excellent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who unto
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 thee o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sanctify
 be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design Thy dross to con-



Je-sus for refuge have fled? You who unto Je-sus for refuge have fled?
 righteous, omnipotent hand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
 to thee thy deepest dis-tress, And sancti-fy to thee thy deepest distress.
 sume and thy gold to refine, Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

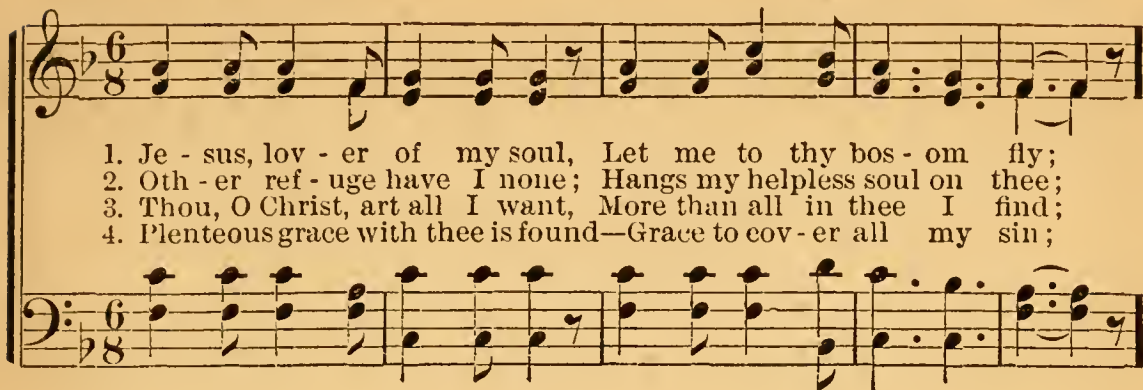


5 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove,
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

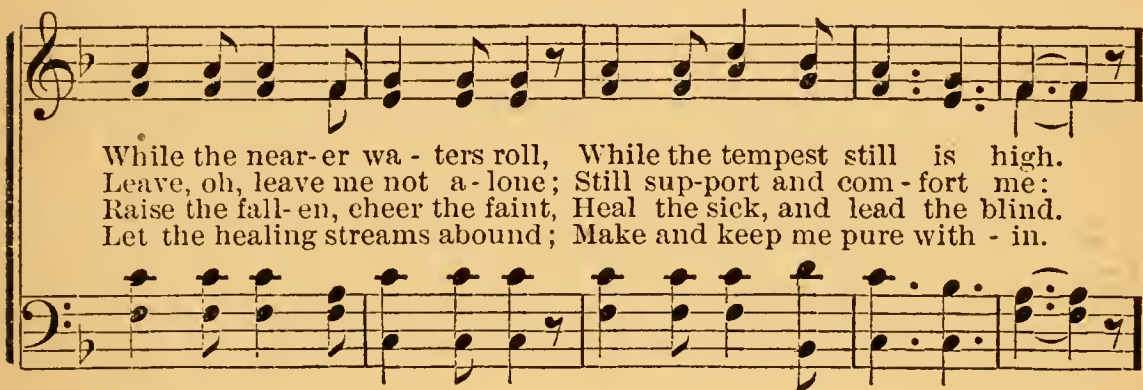
6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740.

SIMEON BULKLEY MARSH, (1798—). 1834.



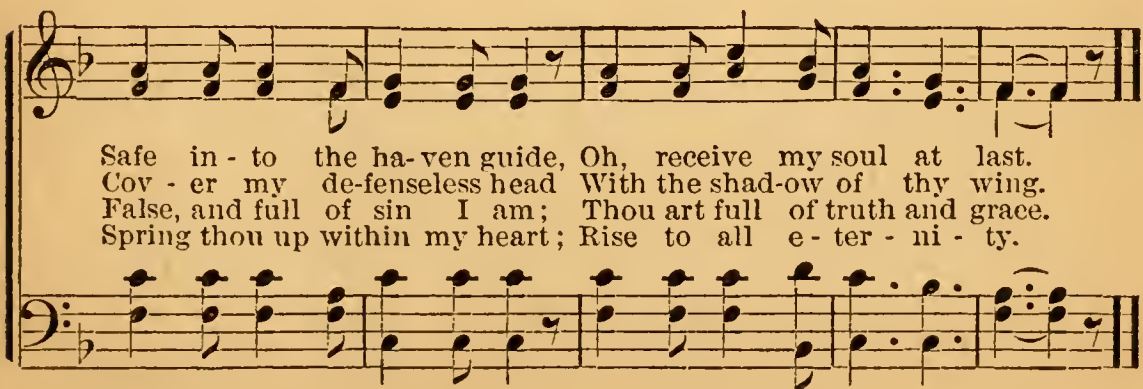
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly;
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I find;
 4. Plenteous grace with thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high.
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me:
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



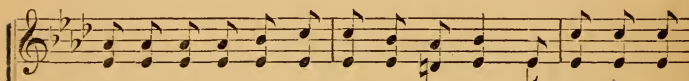
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide. Till the storm of life be past;
 All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the fount - ain art: Free - ly let me take of thee;



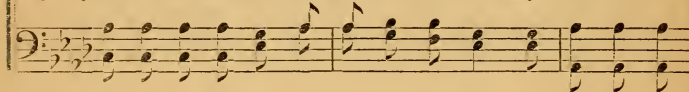
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fenseless head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
 False, and full of sin I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring thou up within my heart; Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



1. I have a Sav - ior—he's plead - ing in glo - ry, So
 2. I have a Fa - ther—to me he has giv - en A
 3. I have a Robe—'tis re - splend - ent in white - ness—A -
 4. I have a Peace, and 'tis calm as a riv - er, A



precious while earthly en - joyments are few; And now he is
 hope for e - ter - ni - ty, pre - cious and true; And soon will my
 wait - ing in glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re -
 peace that the friend of the world nev - er knew; My Sav - ior a -



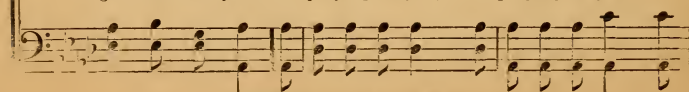
watching in ten - der - ness o'er me; But, oh, that my Sav - ior were
 spir - it be with him in heav - en; But, oh, that he'd let me bring
 e - live it, all shin - ing in bright - ness, Dear friend, could I see you re -
 lone is its Au - thor and Giv - er: But, oh, could I know it was



CHORUS.



your Sav - ior too! I'm pray - - - ing for you, I'm
 you with me too!
 e - live - ing one too!
 giv - en to you! I'm praying for you, I'm praying for you, I'm



pray - - ing for you, Pray-ing for
praying for you, I'm praying for you, I'm praying for you, I'm

you, praying, I'm pray - - - ing for you.
pray-ing for you, I'm pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

LISBON. S. M.

DANIEL READ, 1785.

1. Oh, what, if we are Christ's, Is earth - ly shame or loss?
 2. Keen was the tri - al once, Bit - ter the cup of woe,
 3. Bright is their glo - ry now, Boundless their joy a - bove,
 4. Lord! may that grace be ours, Like them, in faith, to bear

Bright shall the crown of glo - ry be, When we have borne the cross.
When martyred saints, baptized in blood, Christ's sufferings shared below.
Where, on the bos - om of their God, They rest in per - fect love.
All that of sor - row, grief, or pain, May be our por - tion here.

1. Look - ing off un - to Je - sus, my eyes can not see
 2. Look - ing off un - to Je - sus, my spir - it is blest;
 3. Look - ing off un - to Je - sus, oh! may I be found,

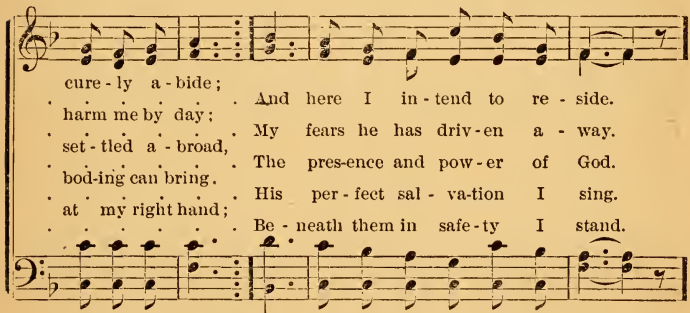
The troub - les and dan - gers that throng a - bout me;
 This world has its tur - moil—in him I have rest.
 When wa - ters of Jor - dan en - com - pass me round,

They can not be blind - ed with sor - row - ful tears,
 The sea of my life all a - bout me may roar,
 To bear me a - way, in his pres - ence to be!

They can not be shad - owed with un - be - lief fears.
 When look - ing to Je - sus, I hear it no more.
 He seems but the near - er whom al - ways I see.

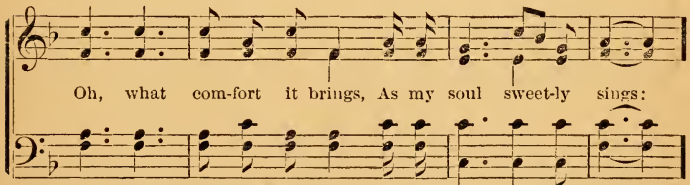


1. In God I have found a re-treat, Where I can se-
 No ref-uge, nor rest so complete, No ar-row can
 2. I dread not the ter-ror by night, His shad-ow has cov-ered me quite,
 3. The pes-ti-lence walk-ing a-bout, When dark-ness has
 Can nev-er com-pel me to doubt
 4. The wast-ing de-struc-tion at noon, No fear-ful fore-
 With Je-sus my soul doth commune,
 5. A thou-sand may fall at my side, And ten thousand
 A - bove me his wings are spread wide,

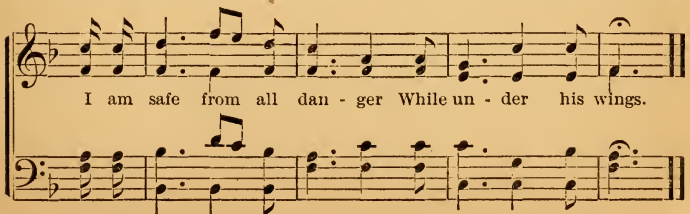


cure-ly a-bide;
 harm me by day;
 set-tled a-broad,
 bod-ing can bring.
 at my right hand;
 And here I in-tend to re-side.
 My fears he has driv-en a-way.
 The pres-ence and pow-er of God.
 His per-fect sal-va-tion I sing.
 Be-neath them in safe-ty I stand.

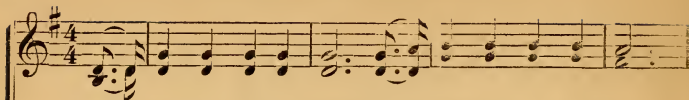
CHORUS.



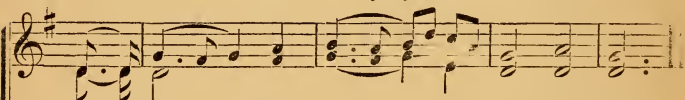
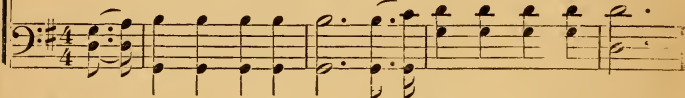
Oh, what com-fort it brings, As my soul sweet-ly sings:



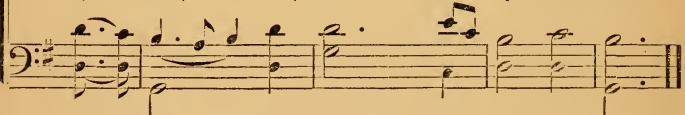
I am safe from all dan-ger While un-der his wings.



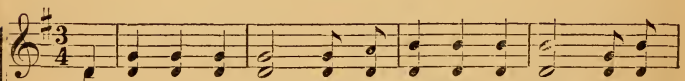
1. There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring round,
2. To car-ry the tidings home, To car-ry the tid-ings home,
3. To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem,
4. Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners are coming home,
5. And Je - sus bids them come, And Je - sus bids them come,
6. Let him that heareth come, Let him that heareth come,
7. The Spir - it whispers, "Come," The Spir - it whispers, "Come,"
8. Who - ev - er will, may come, Who - ev - er will, may come,
9. And full sal - va-tion find, And full sal - va-tion find,
10. In Je - sus' pre-cious blood, In Je - sus' pre-cious blood,
11. Oh, come, while yet there's room! Oh, come, while yet there's room!



There are an - gels, an - gels hov - 'ring round.
 To car - ry, car - ry the ti - dings home.
 To the new, the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
 Poor sin - ners, sin - ners are com - ing home.
 And Je - sus, Je - sus bids them come.
 Let him, let him that hear - eth come.
 The Spir - it, Spir - it whis - pers "Come."
 Who - ev - er, ev - er will, may come.
 And full, and full sal - va - tion find.
 In Je - sus', Je - sus' pre - cious blood.
 Oh, come, oh, come while yet there's room.



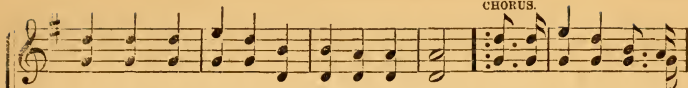
REVIVE US AGAIN.



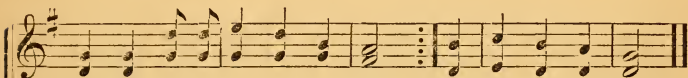
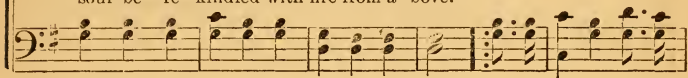
1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir - it of light, Who has
3. All glo - ry and praise to the lamb that was slain, Who has
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each



CHORUS.

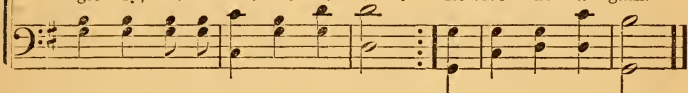


Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove. { Hal-le-lu-jah! thine the
shown us our sav-ior and scattered our night. { Hal-le-lu-jah! thine the
borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
bought us and sought us, and guided our ways.
soul be re - kindled with fire from a - bove.



glo - ry, Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men.

glo - ry, Re-vive us a - gain.

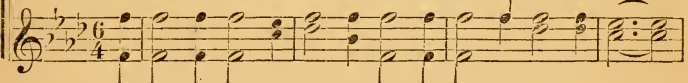


EVAN.- C. M.

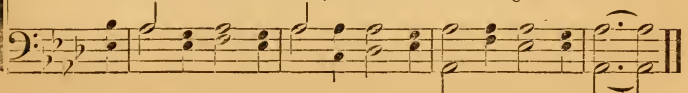
Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL, 1849.



1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those, who love the Lord,
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all a - bove,
4. When love, in one delightful stream, Through every bosom flows:
5. Love is the golden chain that binds The happy souls a - bove;



In one an-other's peace delight, And so ful-fill his word!—
When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart:
Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love:
When union sweet, and dear esteem, In ev - 'ry ac - tion glows.
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds His bosom glow with love.



"TITLE CLEAR."

By permission.

Rearranged, with Chorus, by T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear, To mansions in the
 2. Should earth against my soul engage, soul engage, And fie - ry darts be
 3. Let cares, like a wild deluge come, deluge come, Let storms of sor - row
 4. There I shall bathe my weary soul, wea - ry soul, In seas of heav - en - ly

skies, in the skies, I'll bid fare - well to ev - ery fear,
 hurled, darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage,
 fall, sor - row fall, So I but safe - ly reach my home,
 rest, heavenly rest, And not a wave of trou - ble roll

CHORUS.
 And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
 And face a frown - ing world. We will stand . . . the
 My God, my heaven, my all. We will stand, stand the storm, It will
 A - cross my peace - ful breast.

storm, . . . We will an - chor by - and -
 not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by - and - by, We will

by, by - and - by, We will stand . . . the
an - chor by - and - by, We will stand, stand the storm, It will

storm, . . . We will an - chor by - and - by, by-and-by.
not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by - and - by, by-and-by.

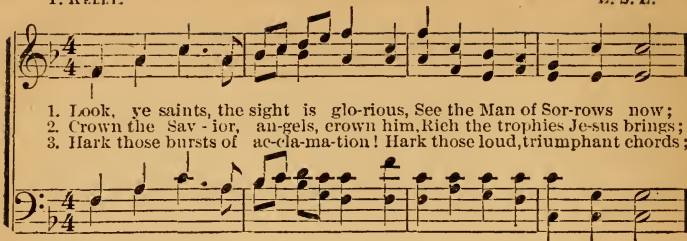
I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

1. Oh, wondrous, deep, un-bound-ed love, My Sav-ior, can it be
2. I kneel, re-pent - ing, at thy feet, I give my-self to thee;
3. Oh, let me plunge be-neath the tide, For sin-ners flow - ing free,
4. And when I reach thy place a - bove, My sweet-est notes will be.

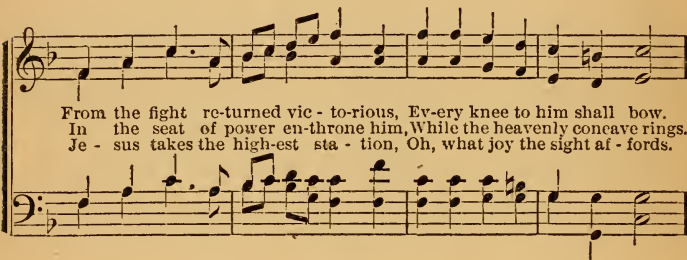
CHORUS: I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je - sus died for me,

D. C. CHORUS.
That thou hast borne the crown of thorns, And suffered death for me?
I plead thy mer - its, thine a - lone, For thou hast died for me.
Then rise, re-newed by grace di-vine, And shout sal - va - tion free.
Re-dem-p-tion through a Savior's name, Who bled and died for me.

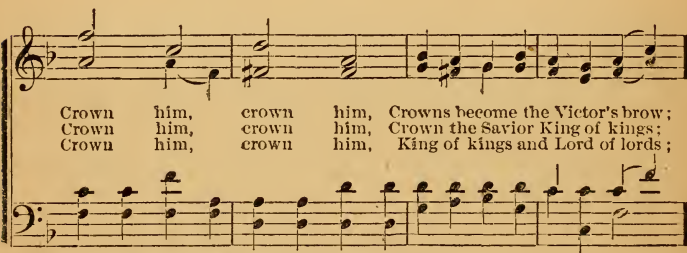
That here and now I shall re-ceive Sal - va-tion full and free.



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the Man of Sor-rows now;
 2. Crown the Sav-ior, an-gels, crown him, Rich the trophies Je-sus brings;
 3. Hark those bursts of ac-cla-ma-tion! Hark those loud, triumphant chords;

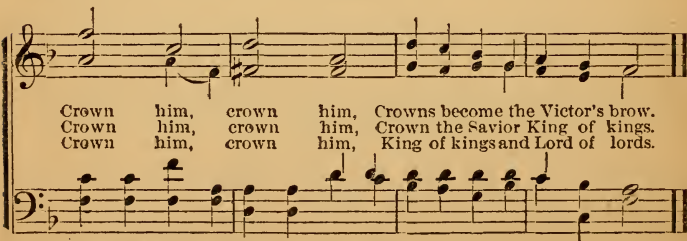


From the fight re-tur-ned vic-to-rious, Ev-ery knee to him shall bow.
 In the seat of power en-throne him, While the heavenly concave rings.
 Je-sus takes the high-est sta-tion, Oh, what joy the sight af-fords.



Crown him, crown him, crown him, Crowns become the Victor's brow;
 Crown him, crown him, Crown the Savior King of kings;
 Crown him, crown him, King of kings and Lord of lords;

Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,



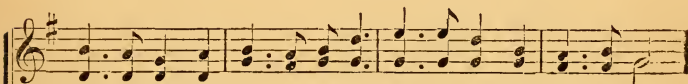
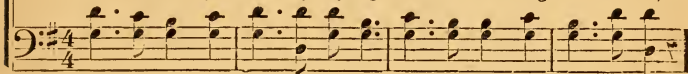
Crown him, crown him, Crowns become the Victor's brow.
 Crown him, crown him, Crown the Savior King of kings.
 Crown him, crown him, King of kings and Lord of lords.

Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,

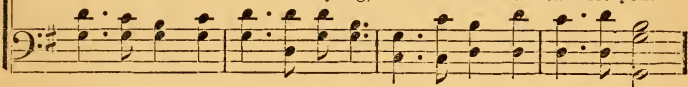
P. P. VAN ARSDALE, 1869.



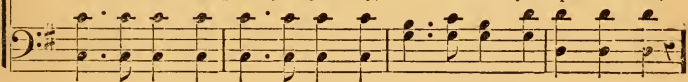
1. Hark, the voice of Je - sus call-ing, Who will go and work to-day?
2. If you can not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands ex-plore,
3. If you can not speak like an-gels, If you can not preach like Paul,
4. Let none hear you id - ly say-ing "There is noth-ing I can do,"



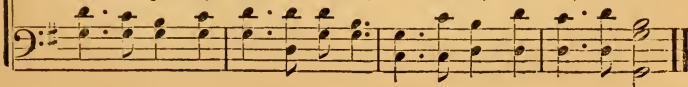
Fields are white, and har-vests waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?
 You can find the heathen near-er, You can help them at your door
 You can tell the love of Je-sus, You can say he died for all.
 While the souls of men are dy-ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you.



Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re-ward he of - fers free;
 If you can not give your thousands You can give the wid - ow's mite;
 If you can not rouse the wick - ed With the judg-ment's dread alarms,
 Take the task he gives you glad - ly, Let his work your pleasure be;



Who will an-swer, glad - ly say-ing, "Here am I, send me, send me?"
 And the least you give to Je-sus Will be pre-cious in his sight.
 You can lead the lit - tle children To the Sav-ior's wait - ing arms,
 An - swer quick-ly when he call-eth, "Here am I, send me, send me."



BONAR.

J. T. GRAPE. From "Pilgrim Harp," by per.
Tune—"All to Christ I owe."

1st time.

1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ! Speak glad-ness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
2. Thy tears, not mine, O Christ! Have wept my guilt a-way;
And turned this night of mine
3. Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ! Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, con-tain
4. Thy cross, not mine, O Christ! Has borne the aw-ful load
Of sins that none could bear
5. Thy death, not mine, O Christ! Has paid the ran-som due;
Ten thou-sand deaths like mine
6. Thy right-eous-ness a-lone Can clothe and beau-ti-fy;
I wrap it round my soul,

2d time.

CHORUS.

They bid my fear de-part. Je-sus paid it all; All to him I
In-to a bless-ed day.
The balm that makes me whole.
But the in-car-nate God.
Would have been all too few.
In this I'll live and die.

owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.


Bringing All to Jesus.

- 1 I bring my sins to thee,
The sins I can not count,
That all may cleansed be
In thy once-opened fount.
- 2 My heart to thee I bring,
The heart I can not read,
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.

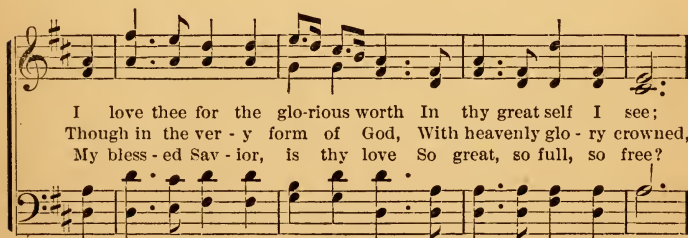
- 3 To thee I bring my care,
The care I can not flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all for me.
- 4 My life I bring to thee,
I would not be my own;
O Savior! let me be
Thine ever, thine alone!



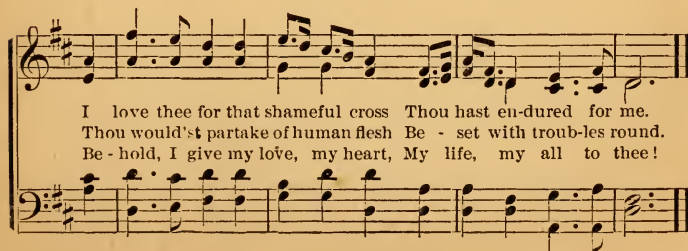
1. My bless - ed Sav-ior, is thy love So great, so full, so free;
 2. No man of greater love can boast Than for his friend to die;
 3. O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul The mem-ory of thy love;



Be - hold, I give my love, my heart, My life, my all to thee.
 But for thy foes, Lord, thou wast slain; What love with thine can vie!
 And thy dear name shall still to me A grate - ful o - dor prove.



I love thee for the glo-rious worth In thy great self I see;
 Though in the ver - y form of God, With heavenly glo - ry crowned,
 My bless - ed Sav - ior, is thy love So great, so full, so free?



I love thee for that shameful cross Thou hast en-dured for me.
 Thou would'st partake of human flesh Be - set with troub-les round.
 Be - hold, I give my love, my heart, My life, my all to thee!

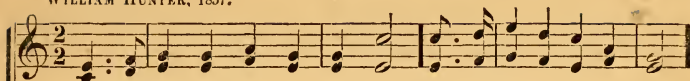
1. Through the love of God our Savior, All will be well.
 2. Though we pass through tribu - la - tion, All will be well.
 3. We expect a bright to-morrow; All will be well.

Free and changeless is His fa - vor; All, all is well.
 Ours is such a full sal - va - tion, All, all is well.
 Faith can sing thro' days of sor-row, "All, all is well."

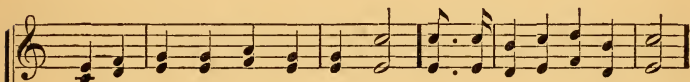
Precious is the blood that healed us—Perfect is the grace that sealed us—
 Happy, still in God con-fid - ing, Fruitful, if in Christ a - bid - ing,
 On our Father's love re - ly - ing, Je - sus ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing,

Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us. All must be well.
 Ho - ly, through the Spirit's guid - ing, All must be well.
 Or in liv - ing, or in dy - ing, All must be well.

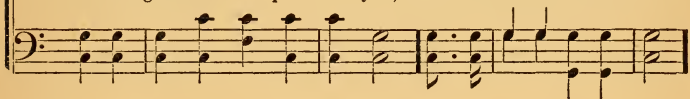
WILLIAM HUNTER, 1857.



1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter-nal-ly shall stand;
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;
5. Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glo - ry! Shout your triumph as you go;



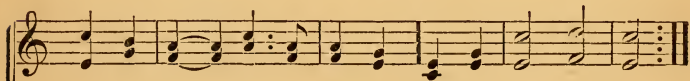
There my Sav-ior's gone be - fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be tran-sient, In that ho-ly, hap-py land.
But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ran-somed! Hail with joy the ris-ing morn.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance thro'.



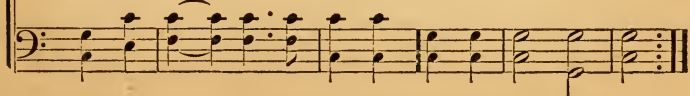
CHORUS.



{ There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry,
{ On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

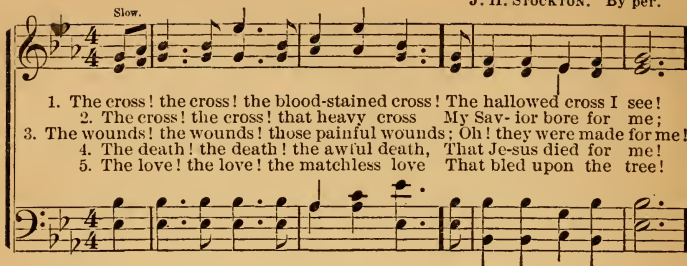


There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you. }
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }

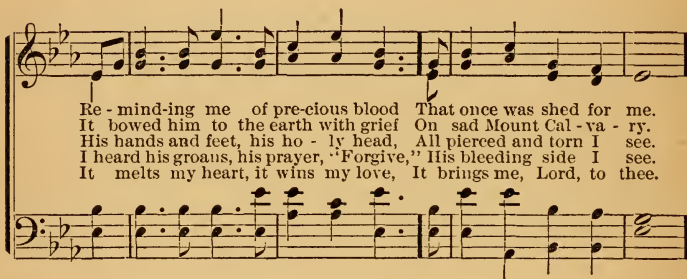


J. H. STOCKTON. By per.

Slow.

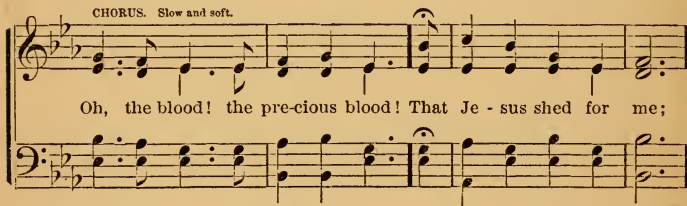


1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross! The hallowed cross I see!
 2. The cross! the cross! that heavy cross My Sav- ior bore for me;
 3. The wounds! the wounds! those painful wounds; Oh! they were made for me!
 4. The death! the death! the awful death, That Je-sus died for me!
 5. The love! the love! the matchless love That bled upon the tree!



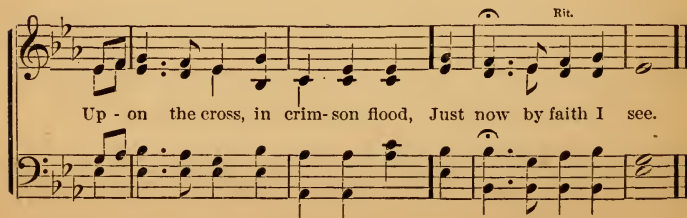
Re - mind - ing me of pre - cious blood That once was shed for me.
 It bowed him to the earth with grief On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.
 His hands and feet, his ho - ly head, All pierced and torn I see.
 I heard his groans, his prayer, "Forgive," His bleeding side I see.
 It melts my heart, it wins my love, It brings me, Lord, to thee.

CHORUS. Slow and soft.



Oh, the blood! the pre-cious blood! That Je - sus shed for me;

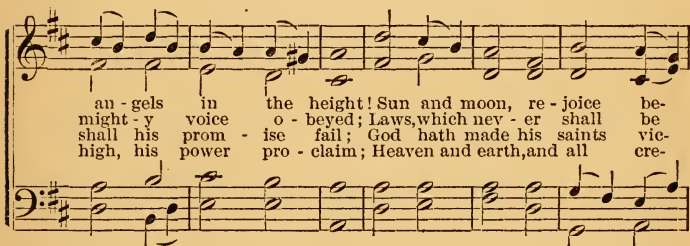
Rit.



Up - on the cross, in crim - son flood, Just now by faith I see.



1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a - dore him! Praise him,
 2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spo - ken; Worlds his
 3. Praise the Lord, for he is glo - rious; Nev - er
 4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion, Hosts on



an - gels in the height! Sun and moon, re - joice be -
 might - y voice o - beyed; Laws, which nev - er shall be
 shall his prom - ise fail; God hath made his saints vic -
 high, his power pro - claim; Heaven and earth, and all cre -



fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light!
 bro - ken, For their guid - ance he hath made.
 to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
 a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy his name.

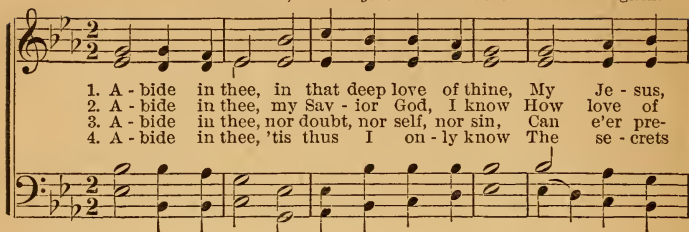
Happy Day.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Hark! the notes of angels, singing,
 "Glory, glory, to the Lamb!"
 All in heaven their tribute bringing,
 Raising high the Savior's name.</p> <p>2. Ye, for whom his life was given!
 Sacred themes to you belong;
 Come, assist the choir of heaven;
 Join the everlasting song.</p> <p>3. See th' angelic hosts have crowned [him,
 Jesus fills the throne on high:
 Countless myriads, hovering round him,
 With his praises rend the sky.</p> | <p>4. Filled with holy emulation,
 Let us vie with those above;
 Sweet the theme—a free salvation!
 Fruit of everlasting love.</p> <p>5. Endless life in him possessing,
 Let us praise his precious name;
 Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
 Be forever to the Lamb!</p> <p>6. Hark! the notes of angels, singing,
 "Glory, glory, to the Lamb!"
 All in heaven their tribute bringing,
 Raising high the Savior's name.</p> |
|---|---|

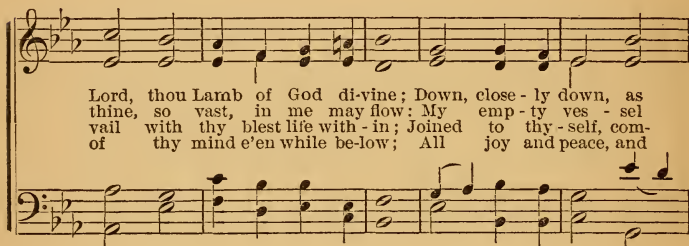
ABIDE WITH ME. 10s.

"Abide in me, and I in you."—JOHN XV : 4.

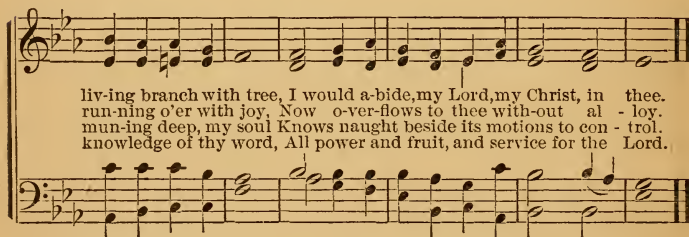
English.



1. A - bidē in thee, in that deep love of thine, My Je - sus,
 2. A - bidē in thee, my Sav - ior God, I know How love of
 3. A - bidē in thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin, Can e'er pre-
 4. A - bidē in thee, 'tis thus I on - ly know The se - crets



Lord, thou Lamb of God di-vine; Down, close - ly down, as
 thine, so vast, in me may flow: My emp - ty ves - sel
 vail with thy blest life with - in; Joined to thy - self, com-
 of thy mind e'en while be-low; All joy and peace, and



liv-ing branch with tree, I would a-bide, my Lord, my Christ, in thee.
 run-ning o'er with joy, Now o-ver-flows to thee with-out al - loy.
 mun-ing deep, my soul Knows naught beside its motions to con - trol.
 knowledge of thy word, All power and fruit, and service for the Lord.

Abide With Me.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Abide with me! Fast falls the even-
 tide;
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
 abide!
 When other helpers fail, and comforts
 flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!</p> <p>2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
 day;
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass
 away;
 Change and decay in all around I see:
 Oh, thou who changest not, abide with
 me!</p> | <p>3. Not a brief glance I beg, a passing
 word:
 But as thou dwellest with thy disciples,
 Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with
 me.</p> <p>4. Come not in terrors, as the King of
 kings,
 But kind and good, with healing in thy
 wings;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with
 me.</p> |
|--|--|

- | | |
|--|---|
| 5. Thou on my head in early youth didst smile:
And, though rebellious and perverse
meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me! | Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me! |
| 6. I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power? | 7. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me. |

CORONATION. C. M.

Rev. EDWARD PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN. (—1831.) 1793.

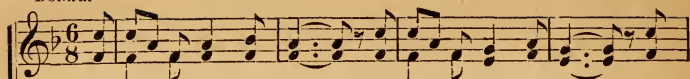
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall,
2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God! Who from his al - tar call;
3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race! Ye ran-somed from the fall;
4. Sin - ners! whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall,
5. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
6. Oh, that, with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,
Praise him who shed for you his blood, And crown him Lord of all,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all,
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all,



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Praise him who shed for you his blood, And crown him Lord of all.
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

BONAR.

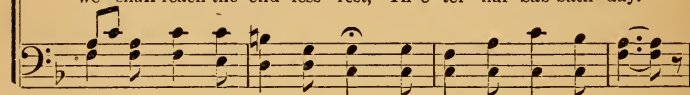
D. S. WYMER.



1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come; And
 2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock-y shore; And
 3. A few more struggles here, A few more part-ings o'er, A
 4. A few more Sabbaths here Shall cheer us on our way; And


we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb.
 we shall be where tempests cease, And surg-es swell no more.
 few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.
 we shall reach the end-less rest, Th'e-ter-nal Sab-bath day.



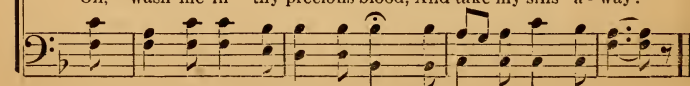
CHORUS.

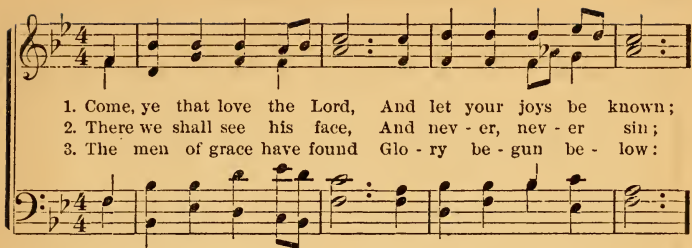


Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that *great* day;
 Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that *calm* day;
 Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that *blest* day;
 Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that dread day;

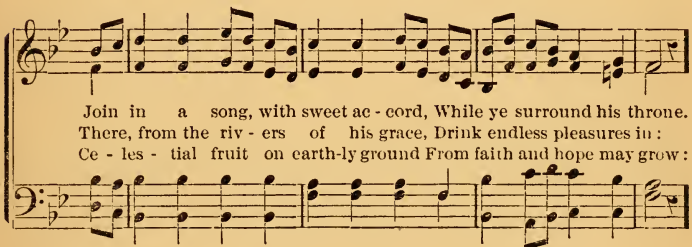



Oh, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a-way!

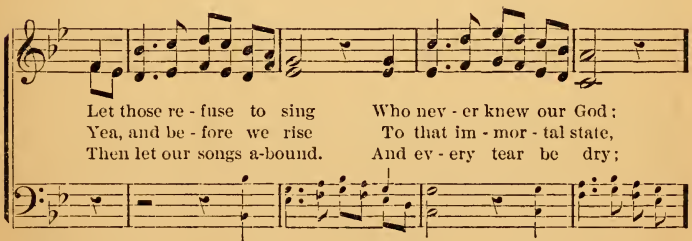




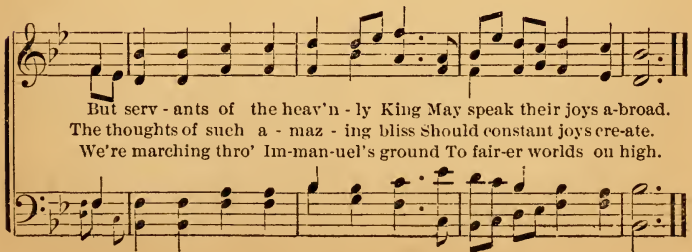
1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
 2. There we shall see his face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
 3. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gun be - low:



Join in a song, with sweet ac - cord, While ye surround his throne.
 There, from the riv - ers of his grace, Drink endless pleasures in:
 Ce - les - tial fruit on earth - ly ground From faith and hope may grow:



Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
 Yea, and be - fore we rise To that im - mor - tal state,
 Then let our songs a-bound. And ev - ery tear be dry;



But serv - ants of the heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a-broad.
 The thoughts of such a - maz - ing bliss Should constant joys cre-ate.
 We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.

1. Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-ior and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rapt-ures all a-broad.

2. Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love !
Let cheerful an-thems fill the house, While to his al - tar now I move.

3. 'Tis done—the great transaction's done ; I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on, Rejoiced to own the call di - vine.

4. Now rest—my long-di-vid-ed, heart—Fixed on this blissful center, rest—
Here have I found a no-bler part, Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's lat - est hour, I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

CHORUS.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way !

Fine.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev-ery day.

D. S.

Glory to the Lamb.

1. Oh, happy day, when first we felt
Our souls with sweet contrition melt,
And saw our sins, of crimson guilt,
All cleansed by blood on Calv'ry spilt.

2. Oh, happy day, when first thy love
Began our grateful hearts to move ;
And, gazing on thy wondrous cross,
We saw all else as worthless dross.

3. Oh, happy day, when we no more
Shall grieve thee, whom our souls adore ;
When sorrows, conflicts, fears shall cease,
And all our trials end in peace !

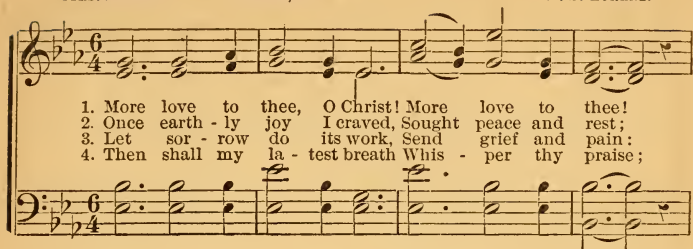
4. Oh, happy day, when we shall see,
And fix our longing eyes on thee—
On thee, our light, our life, our love,
Our all below, our heaven above.

MORE LOVE TO THEE.

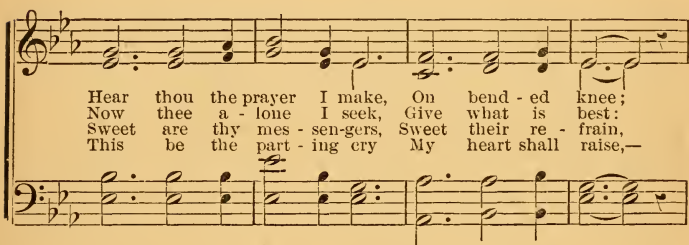
55

MRS. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS, 1869.

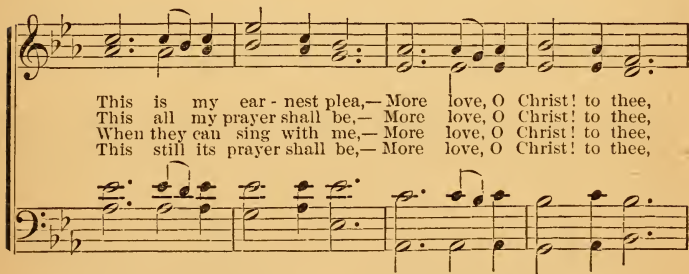
E. S. LORENZ.



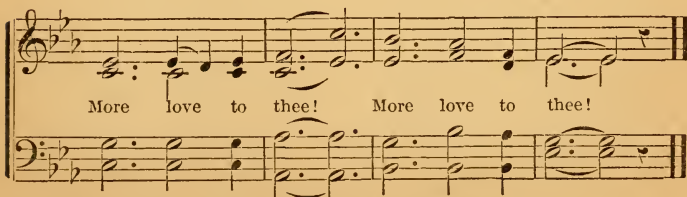
1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee!
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain;
 4. Then shall my la - test breath Whis - per thy praise;



Hear thou the prayer I make, On bend - ed knee;
 Now thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best;
 Sweet are thy mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain,
 This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise,—



This is my ear - nest plea,— More love, O Christ! to thee,
 This all my prayer shall be,— More love, O Christ! to thee,
 When they can sing with me,— More love, O Christ! to thee,
 This still its prayer shall be,— More love, O Christ! to thee,



More love to thee! More love to thee!

1. There's a re - gion a - bove, Free from sin and tempt - a - tion
 And a man - sion of love For each heir of sal - va - tion
 2. There our toils will be done, And free grace be our sto - ry,
 God him - self be our Sun, And our un - sett - ing glo - ry.
 3. There shall friends no more part, Nor shall farewells be spo - ken;
 There'll be balm for the heart That with anguish was bro - ken.

Then dis - miss all thy fears, Wea - ry pil - grim of sor - row;
 In that world of de - light Spring shall nev - er be end - ed,
 From af - flic - tion set free, And from God ne'er to sev - er,

Though thy sun set in tears, 'Twill rise brighter to - mor - row.
 Nor shall shadows nor night With its brightness be blend - ed.
 We his glo - ry shall see, And en - joy him for - ev - er.

The Land of Promise.

1 Sinner, go; will you go
 To the highlands of heaven?
 Where the storms never blow,
 And the long summer's given;
 Where the bright, blooming flowers
 Are their odors emitting,
 And the leaves of the bowers
 In the breezes are flitting.

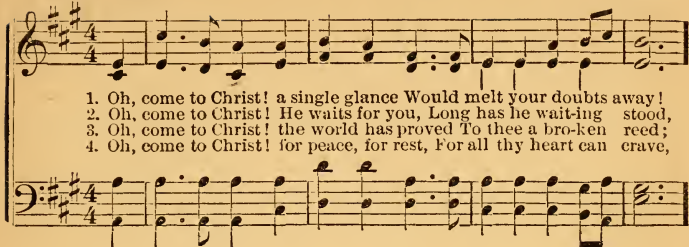
2 Where the rich golden fruit
 Is in bright clusters pending,
 And the deep-laden boughs
 Of life's fair trees are bending;
 And where life's crystal stream
 Is unceasingly flowing,
 And the verdure is green,
 And eternally growing.

3 Where the saints, robed in white—
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain—
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 They inhabit the mountain;
 Where no sin, nor dismay,
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,
 Will be felt for a day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

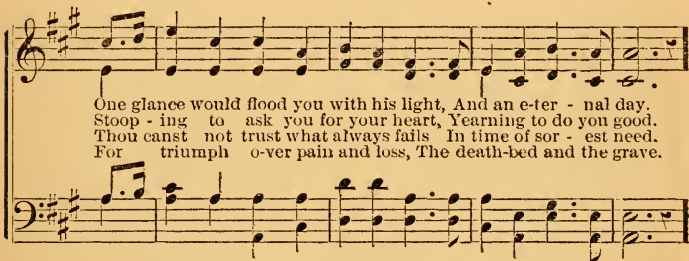
4 He's prepared thee a home—
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come—
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 Oh, come, sinner, come!
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Savior will soon,
 And forever, cease pleading.

MRS. E. PRENTISS.

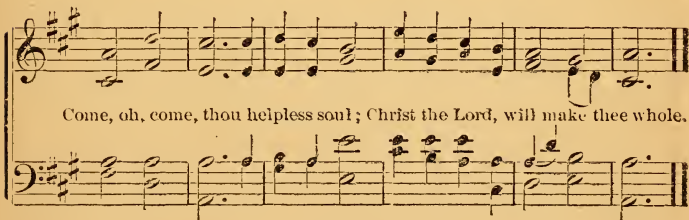
W. H. LANTHURN.



1. Oh, come to Christ! a single glance Would melt your doubts away!
 2. Oh, come to Christ! He waits for you, Long has he wait-ing stood,
 3. Oh, come to Christ! the world has proved To thee a bro-ken reed;
 4. Oh, come to Christ! for peace, for rest, For all thy heart can crave,



One glance would flood you with his light, And an e-ter - nal day.
 Stoop - ing to ask you for your heart, Yearning to do you good.
 Thou canst not trust what always fails In time of sor - est need.
 For triumph o-ver pain and loss, The death-bed and the grave.



Come, oh, come, thou helpless soul; Christ the Lord, will make thee whole.

The Voice of Jesus.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
 "Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one! lay down
 Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in him a resting-place,
 And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold! I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one!
 Stoop down, and drink and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
 And now I live in him. [vived,

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found,
 In him, my Star, my Sun;
 And, in that light of life, I'll walk
 Till traveling days are done.

Rev. ALEXANDER CLARK, D. D.

WM. G. FISCHER.

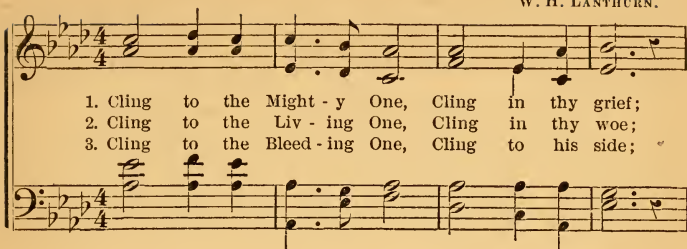
1. Make room for Je-sus! room! sad heart, Be-guiled and sick of sin;
 2. Make room for Je-sus! room! make room! His hand is at the door;
 3. Make room for Je - sus! soul of mine, He waits response to-day;
 4. Make room for Je - sus! by and by, Midst saint and ser - a - phim,

Bid ev - ery a - lien guest de-part, And rise and let him in.
 He comes to ban - ish guilt and gloom, And bless thee more and more.
 His smile is peace, his grace di-vine— Oh, turn him not a - way.
 He'll welcome to his throne on high The soul that welcomed him.

REFRAIN.

Make room, sad heart, make room, make room, Bid al - ien guests de - part;

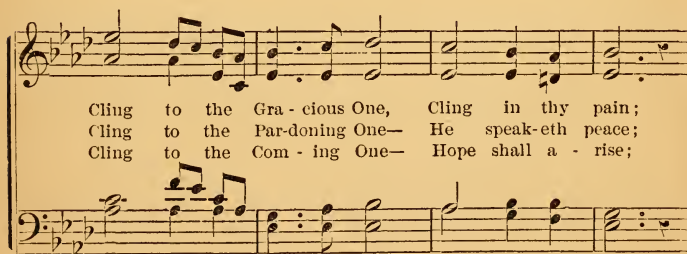
Oh, let the Mas - ter in, sad heart, A-rise, make room, make room.



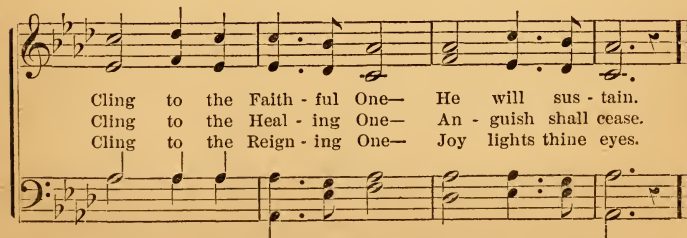
1. Cling to the Might - y One, Cling in thy grief;
 2. Cling to the Liv - ing One, Cling in thy woe;
 3. Cling to the Bleed - ing One, Cling to his side;



Cling to the Ho - ly One, He gives re - lief;
 Cling to the Lov - ing One Through all be - low;
 Cling to the Ris - en One— In him a - bide;



Cling to the Gra - cious One, Cling in thy pain;
 Cling to the Par-doning One— He speak-eth peace;
 Cling to the Com - ing One— Hope shall a - rise;



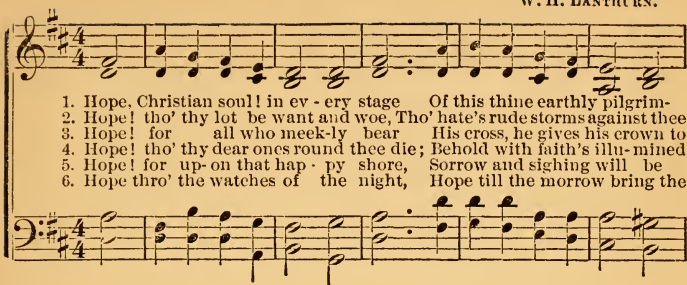
Cling to the Faith - ful One— He will sus - tain.
 Cling to the Heal - ing One— An - guish shall cease.
 Cling to the Reign - ing One— Joy lights thine eyes.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend di - vine, Oh, the joy to
 2. Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend di - vine, Thou hast saved me,
 3. Thou, the por - tion of my soul, While e - ter - nal

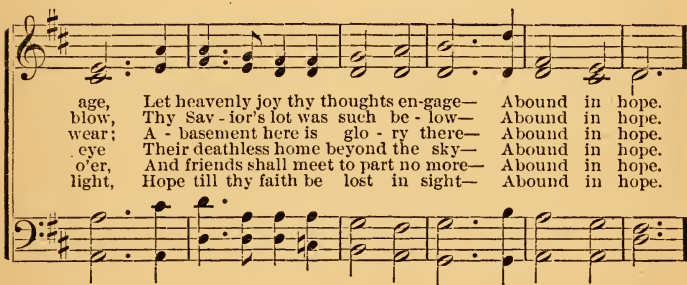
call thee mine; Mine to dry the fall - ing tear,
 I am thine; Thine to go at thy com - mand,
 a - ges roll, I, once worth - less, now a gem

Mine to quell the ris - ing fear, Mine to com - fort
 Thine to serve with heart and hand, Thine to glo - ri
 In thy ra - dant di - a - dem: Won-drous work of

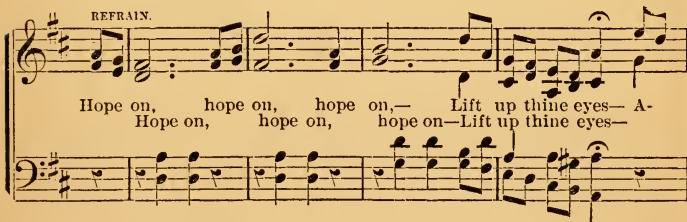
and re - fine; Fount of bless - ings, thou art mine.
 fy, and prove How a ran - somed soul can love.
 love di - vine, I am thine, and thou art mine.



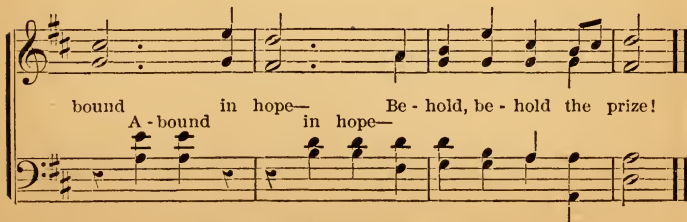
1. Hope, Christian soul! in ev - ery stage Of this thine earthly pilgrim-
 2. Hope! tho' thy lot be want and woe, Tho' hate's rude storms against thee
 3. Hope! for all who meek-ly bear His cross, he gives his crown to
 4. Hope! tho' thy dear ones round thee die; Behold with faith's illu-mined
 5. Hope! for up-on that hap-py shore, Sorrow and sighing will be
 6. Hope thro' the watches of the night, Hope till the morrow bring the



age, Let heavenly joy thy thoughts en-gage— Abound in hope.
 blow, Thy Sav-ior's lot was such be-low— Abound in hope.
 wear; A-basement here is glo-ry there— Abound in hope.
 eye Their deathless home beyond the sky— Abound in hope.
 o'er, And friends shall meet to part no more— Abound in hope.
 light, Hope till thy faith be lost in sight— Abound in hope.



REFRAIN.
 Hope on, hope on, hope on,— Lift up thine eyes— A-
 Hope on, hope on, hope on—Lift up thine eyes—



bound in hope— Be-hold, be-hold the prize!
 A-bound in hope—

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. S. LORENZ.

Being justified by faith, we have peace with God.—Rom. v: 1.

1. O bliss of the just - i - fied! saved by the grace Of
 2. O bliss of the just - i - fied! peace I have found In
 3. O bliss of the just - i - fied! life from the dead! Re -
 4. O bliss of the glo - ri - fied! nev - er to end! For -

Him who is mighty all sin to efface; Entangled no more with the
 Je - sus, dear Jesus, how sweet is the sound! Confiding in him not a
 joic - ing in Jesus, the news I will spread; I'll sing of his goodness, I'll
 ev - er with Jesus, my Savior and Friend! For-ev-er in tri-umph-ant

bondage of sin, How sweet is the wit-ness, the wit-ness within.
 doubt doth arise To hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes.
 tell of his power; His love and his mer-cy for - ev - er adore.
 songs to proclaim, Amen; hal-le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Oh, sing of his mer-cy! sing of his love! My soul is o'er

flow - ing with joy from a - bove! By faith I am just - i - fied—

faith in the blood Of Jesus, thro' whom I have peace with my God.

SELBORNE. 7s & 6s.

Anon.

1. O Jesus, thou art standing Outside the fast closed door, }
 In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er: } Shame on us, guilty
 2. O Jesus, thou art knocking: and lo! that hand is scarred, }
 And thorns thy brow encircle, And tears thy face have } Oh, love that passeth
 [marred:
 3. O Jesus, thou art pleading In accents meek and low, } O Lord, with shame and
 "I died for you, poor sinners, And will ye treat me }
 [so?"

mortals, Who can his favor share, Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep him
 standing there!
 knowledge, So patiently to wait! Oh, sin that hath no equal So fast to bar the gate!
 sorrow We open now the door: Dear Savior, enter, enter, And leave us nevermore.

HAPPY HOME.

J. H. F. From "Songs of Glory," by per.

1. In that world of ancient sto - ry, Where no storms can ever come,
 2. There within the heavenly mansions, Where life's river flows so clear,
 3. There with ho - ly an - gels dwelling, Where the ransomed wander free,
 4. There a - mid the shining numbers, All our toils and labors o'er,

Where the Sav - ior dwells in glo - ry, There re - mains for us a home.
 We shall see our blessed Sav - ior If we love and serve him here.
 Je - sus' prais - es ev - er tell - ing, Sing we through e - ter - ni - ty.
 Where the Guardian never slumbers, We shall dwell for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.
 Hap - py home, hap - py home, hap - py home, hap - py home, In the

land where sorrows nev - er come, We shall dwell in bliss and
 happy home, dwell in bliss and

glo - ry In that home, hap - py home.
glo - ry in that home, happy home, happy home.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

1. Sol - diers of Christ are we, March - ing to vic - to - ry—
2. Though foes our path sur-round, Though toils and cares a-bound,
3. Thou bless - ed Prince of Peace! Give thou our strength in-crease,
4. Sol - diers of Christ are we: Light, Love, and Lib - er - ty,

March-ing to heaven! In his bright arm - or dressed, His cross our
On - ward we tread! We hear our Lord's com-mand, We grasp each
Our cour-age raise, And when our course is run, War-fare and
Our bat-tle call! Till truth shall win the day, Till right shall

cho - sen crest, And for our food and rest. His word is given.
shin - ing brand, And, like a ban-ner grand, Hope waves o'erhead.
la - bor done, To thee our hearts, in one, Shall give thee praise.
gain the sway, Till sin is driven a-way, We fight or fall.

1. Thou knowest, oh, my Sav - ior dear, What need I have of
 2. My weight of ill I could not bear, My du - ties could not
 3. But, Sav - ior, I am ill con - tent, My wants a - lone to
 4. My heart would toil for love's dear sake, For love the on - ly
 5. Yet still methinks I hear thy voice, "Let love and long - ing
 6. "Who waits!" Thou knowest, oh, Savior dear, What need I have of
 7. But since thou dost command me so, Like du - ty's full em -
 8. Wait - ing for God, my heart shall sing, And in its si - lence

thee! Each secret sigh thy heart doth hear, Each hidden grief doth see.
 do, If thou didst not the sorrow share, And bear the burden, too.
 bring; I long in service to be spent, As love's best offer - ing.
 prize, So on love's altar life shall make Perpetual sac - ri - fice.
 rest, Who waits, nor urges other choice, May serve me most and best."
 thee! I faint and waste with waiting here, This is thy cross to me.
 ploy, I'll wait, nor ask to come or go, But make my cross my joy.
 praise; Praise, the sole offering I may bring, Thro' all the earthly days.

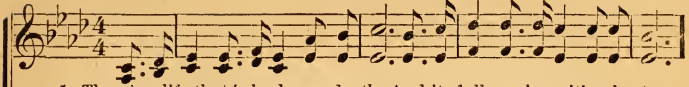
CHORUS.

What need of thee! what need of thee! What need I have of thee!

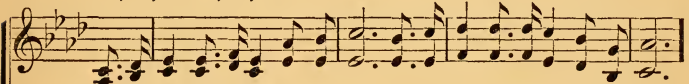
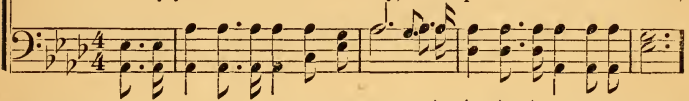
Thou knowest, oh, my Sav - ior dear, What need I have of thee!

J. MAD WILLIAMS.

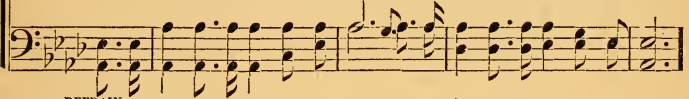
J. H. F. From "Songs of Glory." By per.



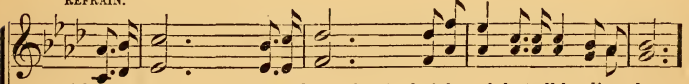
1. There's a life that is lord over death, And its fullness is waiting in store,
2. There's a rest for the servants of God; When their patience and labor are o'er,
3. There's a kingdom for him who should reign thro' the conflict both stubborn and sore,
4. There's a joy that will waste not away, In the presence of him we adore;



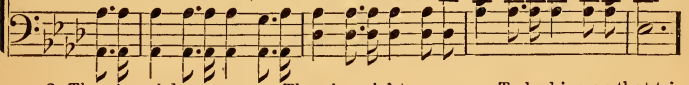
For the soul made alive thro' its faith, And the power of life evermore.
When the way has been trustingly trod, There remaineth a rest evermore.
Who the world overcometh shall gain Lordly right to be king evermore.
And the Christ to his fellows will say: "Enter into my joy ev-er-more."



REFRAIN.



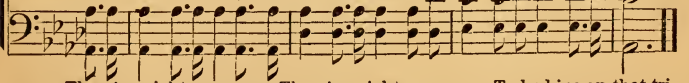
1. There's a life, There's a life, On the heights of that all-healing shore;
 2. There's a rest, There's a rest, In the calm of that burdenless shore;
- evermore, evermore,



3. There's a right evermore, There's a right evermore, To be king on that triumphant shore;
4. There's a joy evermore, There's a joy evermore, Without God on that love-lighted shore;

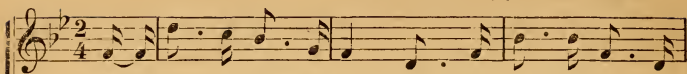


There's a life, There's a life, On the heights of that all-healing shore.
There's a rest, There's a rest, In the calm of that burdenless shore.
evermore, evermore,

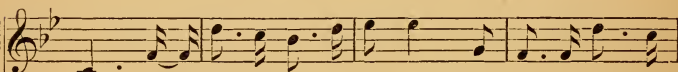
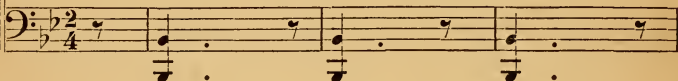
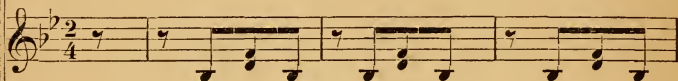


There's a right evermore, There's a right evermore, To be king on that triumphant shore.
There's a joy evermore, There's a joy evermore, With our God on that love-lighted shore.

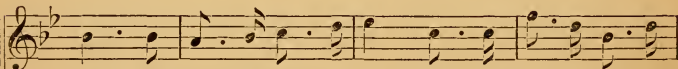
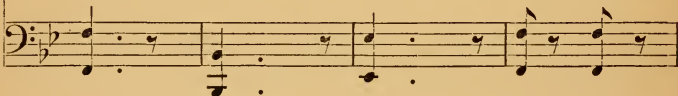
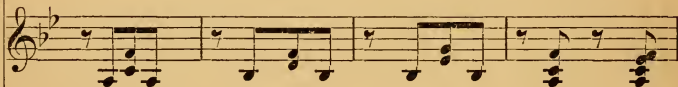
W. W. McCUNE. By per. of W. F. SHAW.



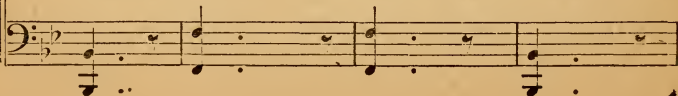
1. We are trav - 'ling to Mount Zi - on, The cit - y of our
 2. We long to share the glo - ry, The grand - eur, and the
 3. Up - on that ho - ly mount - ain, Where all the bless - ed

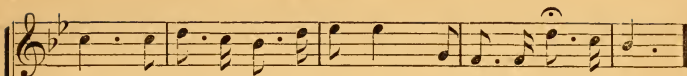


God; We are trav'ling to Mount Zi - on, That bliss - ful, bright a-
 grace, With all the pure and ho - ly In that de - light - ful
 roam— Be - side the sparkling fountain, There may we rest at



bode; We soon may reach the mount - 'ain, And all its beau - ty
 place; And hear the mu - sic ring - ing From that ce - les - tial
 home, And join each love - ly cho - rus Of prais - es to our

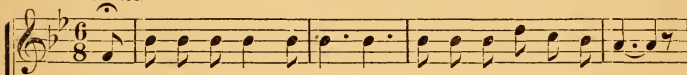




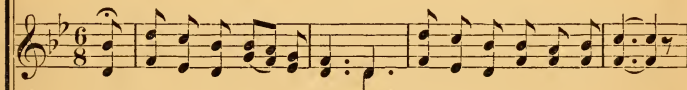
see, And dwell with God, the Fountain Of peace and pu - ri - ty.
 choir, Where all are glad - ly sing - ing Sweet praises to Mes-siah.
 King; With heavenly breezes o'er us, There may we worship him.



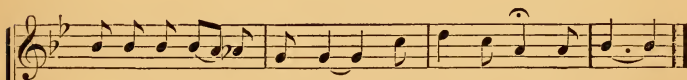
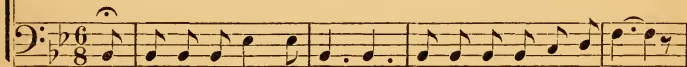
CHORUS.



Oh, beau-ti-ful ho - ly mountain, Beau-ti-ful cit - y of light,



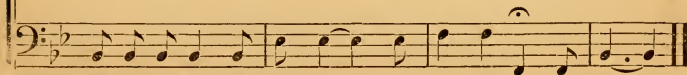
Oh, beau-ti-ful ho - ly mountain, Beau-ti-ful cit - y of light,

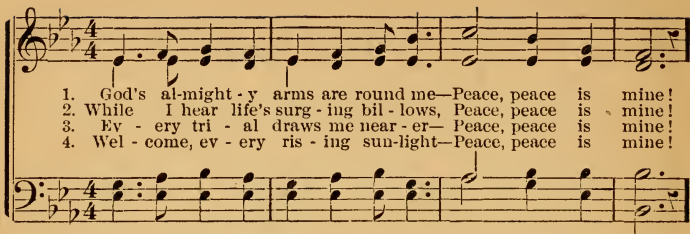


Beau-ti-ful liv - ing fount-ain, And hap - py an - gels bright.

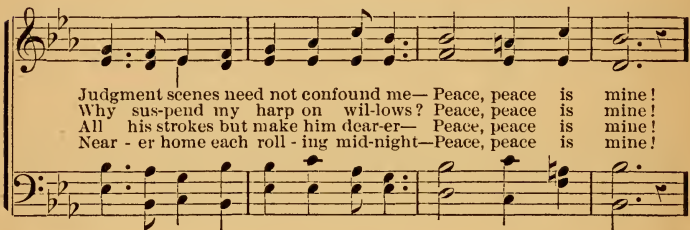


Beau-ti-ful liv - ing fount-ain, And hap - py an - gels bright.

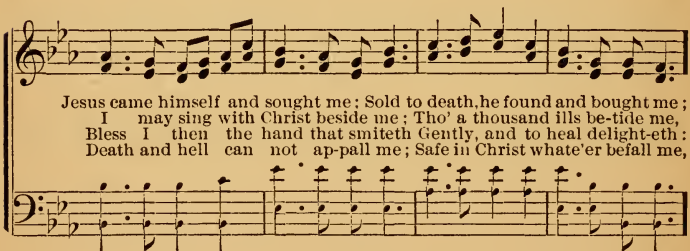




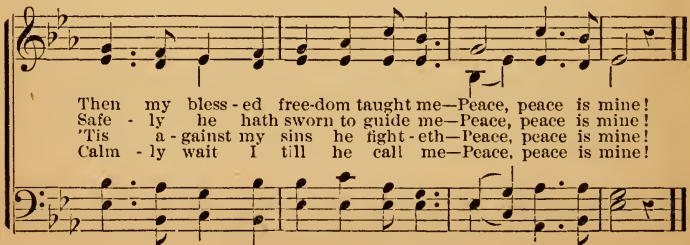
1. God's al-might - y arms are round me—Peace, peace is mine!
 2. While I hear life's surg - ing bil - lows, Peace, peace is mine!
 3. Ev - ery tri - al draws me near - er— Peace, peace is mine!
 4. Wel - come, ev - ery ris - ing sun-light—Peace, peace is mine!



Judgment scenes need not confound me— Peace, peace is mine!
 Why sus-pend my harp on wil-lows? Peace, peace is mine!
 All his strokes but make him dear-er— Peace, peace is mine!
 Near - er home each roll - ing mid-night—Peace, peace is mine!

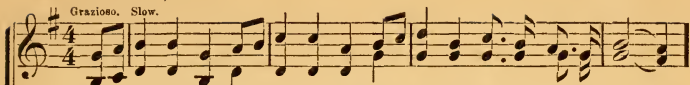


Jesus came himself and sought me; Sold to death, he found and bought me;
 I may sing with Christ beside me; Tho' a thousand ills be-tide me,
 Bless I then the hand that smiteth Gently, and to heal delight-eth:
 Death and hell can not ap-pall me; Safe in Christ whate'er befall me,

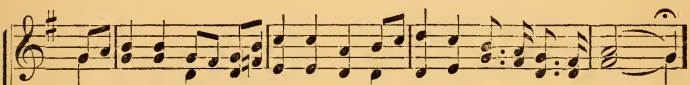
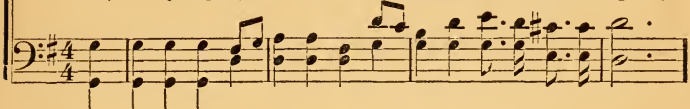


Then my bless - ed free-dom taught me—Peace, peace is mine!
 Safe - ly he hath sworn to guide me—Peace, peace is mine!
 'Tis a - gainst my sins he fight - eth—Peace, peace is mine!
 Calm - ly wait I till he call me—Peace, peace is mine!

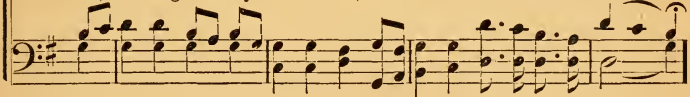
Grazioso. Slow.



1. Oh, love of God, thou ocean vast, Unfathomed, unconfined, and free,
2. We wait up-on the boundless strand Till all our souls thy waves o'erflow,
3. Un-mer - it - ed thy fullness lies, The gift un-speak-a-ble and free,
4. By faith we plunge beneath the flood, And wash our guilty stains away,
5. Oh, let thy might-y bil-lows roll In ceaseless, un-ex-haust-ed grace,

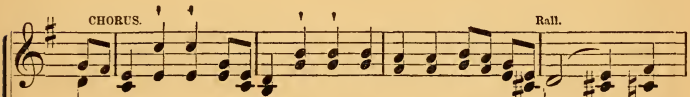


Unchanging thro' the a - ges past, The same thro' endless years to be.
 And ea-ger stretch our human hand Love's all-resistless power to know.
 Its source the on - ly sac - ri-fice—The o - pen wounds of Calvary.
 By faith we hide our-selves in God, And rise in him to endless day.
 Till, reaching ev - ery sin-ful soul, It lifts to heaven a fallen race.



CHORUS.

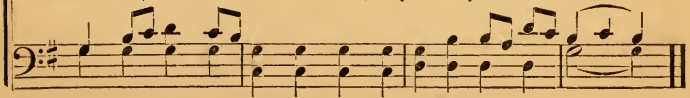
Rall.



Oh, love of God! thou boundless flood, Be this my earnest plea: That

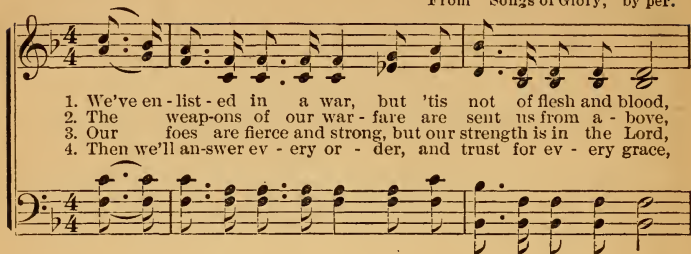


washed and cleansed in Je - sus' blood, May find my rest in thee!



GLORY HALLELUJAH.

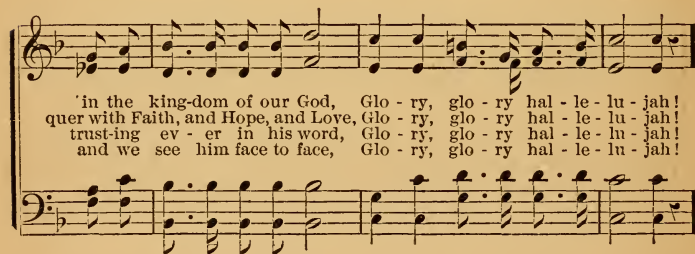
C. L. FILLMORE.

EDWARD A. PERKINS.
From "Songs of Glory," by per.


1. We've en-list-ed in a war, but 'tis not of flesh and blood,
 2. The weap-ons of our war-fare are sent us from a-bove,
 3. Our foes are fierce and strong, but our strength is in the Lord,
 4. Then we'll an-swer ev-ery or-der, and trust for ev-ery grace,

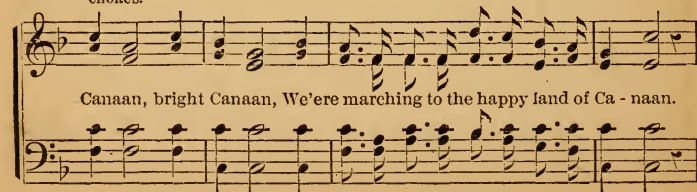


Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! We are fight-ing for a crown
 Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! We can not fail to con-
 Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! And the vic-t'ry we shall win,
 Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Till our lead-er shall ap-pear,



'in the king-dom of our God, Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 quer with Faith, and Hope, and Love, Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 trust-ing ev-er in his word, Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 and we see him face to face, Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.



Canaan, bright Canaan, We're marching to the happy land of Ca-naan.

Canaan, bright Canaan, We're marching to the hap-py land of Ca-naan.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB, (1803—). 1837.

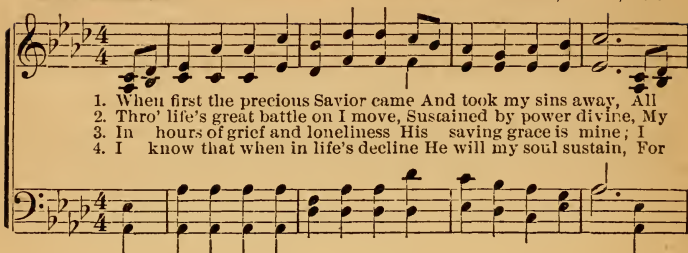
1. Go for-ward, Christian sol - dier, Be - neath his ban - ner true:
 2. Go for-ward, Christian sol - dier, Fear not the se - cret foe;
 3. Go for-ward, Christian sol - dier, Nor dream of peace-ful rest;
 4. Go for-ward, Christian sol - dier, Fear not the gathering night:

Fine.

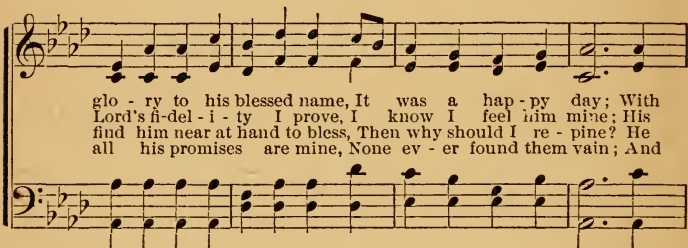
The Lord him-self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.
 D. S. He can, with bread of heav - en, Thy faint-ing spir - it feed.
 Far more are o'er thee watch-ing Than hu-man eyes can know.
 D. S. Heed not the treach'rous voic - es That lure thy soul a - stray.
 Till Sa - tan's host is vanquished, And heaven is all pos-sessed;
 D. S. And wear, in end-less glo - ry, The crown of vic - to - ry.
 The Lord has been thy shel - ter, The Lord will be thy light;
 D. S. Oh, pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last.

D. S.

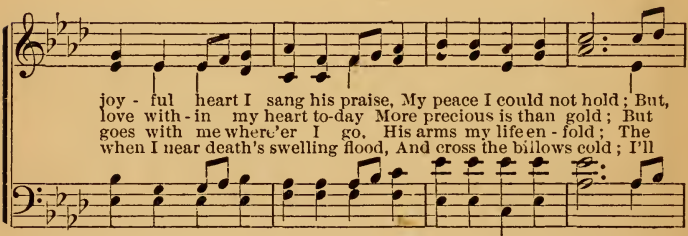
His love foretells thy tri - als, He knows thine hour-ly need;
 Trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain, Cease not to watch and pray;
 Till Christ him-self shall call thee To lay thine ar - mor by;
 When morn his face re - veal - eth, Thy dan - gers all are past;



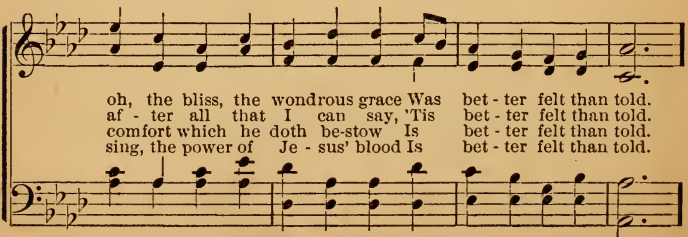
1. When first the precious Savior came And took my sins away, All
 2. Thro' life's great battle on I move, Sustained by power divine, My
 3. In hours of grief and loneliness His saving grace is mine; I
 4. I know that when in life's decline He will my soul sustain, For



glo - ry to his blessed name, It was a hap - py day; With
 Lord's fi - del - i - ty I prove, I know I feel him mine; His
 find him near at hand to bless, Then why should I re - pine? He
 all his promises are mine, None ev - er found them vain; And



joy - ful heart I sang his praise, My peace I could not hold; But,
 love with - in my heart to-day More precious is than gold; But
 goes with me where'er I go, His arms my life en - fold; The
 when I near death's swelling flood, And cross the billows cold; I'll



oh, the bliss, the wondrous grace Was bet - ter felt than told.
 af - ter all that I can say, 'Tis bet - ter felt than told.
 comfort which he doth be - stow Is bet - ter felt than told.
 sing, the power of Je - sus' blood Is bet - ter felt than told.

CHORUS.

And still with joy I sing his praise, My peace I can not, can not hold;

For, oh, the bliss, the wondrous grace Is better felt than told!

HORTON. 7s.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE, (1786—)

1. Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, On - ly lean up-on his word;
 2. He sustains thee by his hand, He en - a - bles thee to stand;
 3. Heaven and earth may pass away, God's free grace shall not decay;
 4. Je - sus! Guardian of thy flock, Be thy-self our constant Rock;

Thou wilt soon have cause to bless His e - ter - nal faith-ful-ness.
 Those, whom Jesus once hath loved, From his grace are never moved.
 He hath promised to fulfill All the pleasure of his will.
 Make us, by thy powerful hand Strong as Zi-on's mountain stand.

1. Who - so - ev - er! glo-rious truth! Mag-da - len or mor-al youth,
 2. Who - so - ev - er! from the well Sy-char's daughter went to tell
 3. Who - so - ev - er! halt or blind, Sick in bod - y or in mind,
 4. Who - so - ev - er! none so mean But his blood can wash him clean;
 5. Who - so - ev - er! oh, re-lent! The time is now-repent! repent!

Beg - gar at the rich man's gate—All may come, and none need wait.
 Of life's wa - ter free to all—Jew or Gentile—great or small.
 Jail - er trembling with his fear—All may come and find him near.
 Zach - eus heard the sto - ry true: Sin-ner, now it comes to you.
 See the wa - ters flow - ing free: Sin-ner, they now flow to thee.

CHORUS.

Je - sus bids the sin-ner come, God the Fa-ther wel-comes home;

Gent - ly, too, the Spir - it wooes— Sin-ner, oh, do not re - fuse.

A. D. F.

J. H. F. From "Songs of Glory." By per.

1. On the banks of the River of Life, Far beyond earthly sorrow and gloom,
 2. Sparkling wavelets of beauty and light Kiss the banks of the bright silver tide,
 3. To the calm listening ear of our faith Even now these low murmurs descend.

Lie the realms of e-ter-nal delight, In the valley where shadows ne'er come.
And their sweet murm'ring echoes repeat Heavenly music as onward they glide.
Telling gently, as zephyrs of morn', Of the happiness never to end.

CHORUS.

O beau-ti-ful Riv-er of Life, Ev-er flow-ing at God's right hand!

O beau-ti-ful Riv-er of Life, Up-on thy fair banks may I stand !

1. Thro' thy pre-cious bod - y bro - ken, In - side the Veil,
 2. Lamb of God, thro' thee we en - ter In - side the Veil,
 3. Soon thy saints shall all be gath-ered In - side the Veil,

Oh! what words to sin - ners spo-ken, In - side the Veil.
 Cleansed by thee, we bold - ly ven-ture In - side the Veil.
 All at home, no more be scattered, In - side the Veil.

Precious, as the blood that bought us; Perfect, as the love that sought us;
 Not a stain; a new cre - a - tion; Ours is such a full sal - va - tion;
 Nought from thee our hearts shall sever; We shall see thee, grieve thee never;

Ho - ly as the Lamb that brought us In - side the Veil.
 Low we bow in a - do - ra - tion, In - side the Veil.
 "Praise the Lamb!" shall sound forev - er, In - side the Veil.

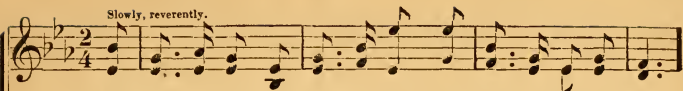
"Let us go forth therefore unto him, without the camp, bearing his reproach."

Heb. xiii: 13.

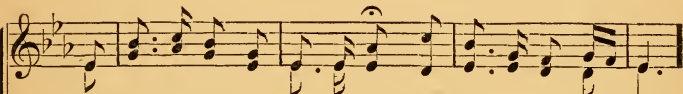
1 Unto thee, the homeless stranger,
 Outside the Camp.
 Forth we hasten, fear no danger,
 Outside the Camp.
 Thy reproach, far richer treasure
 Than all Egypt's boasted pleasure;
 Drawn by love that knows no measure,
 Outside the Camp.

2 When we see thy love unshaken,
 Outside the Camp,
 Scorned by man, by God forsaken,
 Outside the Camp,
 Thy loved cross alone can charm us;
 Shame doth now no more alarm us;
 Glad we follow, nought can harm us,
 Outside the Camp.

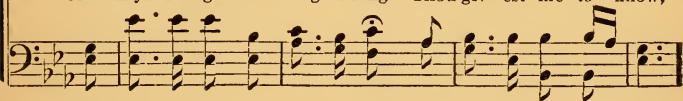
Slowly, reverently.



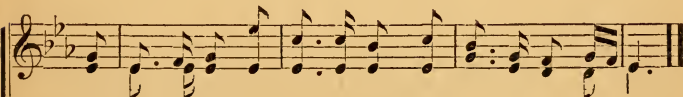
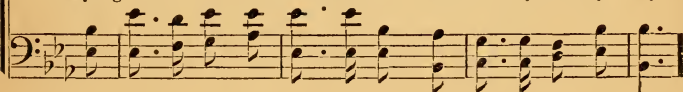
1. Help me to glo - ri - fy thy name In bod - y, spir - it, Lord;
 2. I know not, nor would wish to know, What is for me in store;
 3. Should'st thou appoint my hap - py lot To tell abroad thy grace,
 4. Then whether in un - wearied strength Thou mak - est me to go,



Show forth thy might - y grace in me, The pow - er of thy word.
 Fa - ther, my times are in thy hand, Thou'lt keep me ev - er - more.
 Or like the wheat beneath the flail Be my sub - mis - sive place:
 Or days or nights of lan - guish - ing Thou giv - est me to know,



All that thou hast be - stowed on me I yield a - gain to thee;
 What - e'er the path marked out by thee, All will be well, I wot;
 E'en be it in the fur - nace fire, Beneath the chastening rod,
 My grate - ful heart shall trust thee still: This be my dai - ly cry—

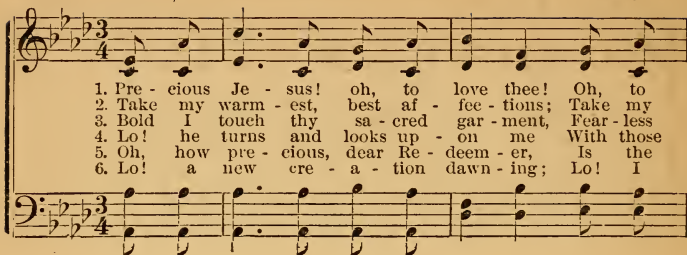


I'm whol - ly thine, oh, use me, Lord—Thou need - est e - ven me.
 I'll ev - er sing, for mur - mur - ing Thy child be - seem - eth not.
 How - e'er it be, oh, glo - ri - fy Thy - self in me, my God.
 "By me, my God, through life or death, Thy great name glo - ri - fy."

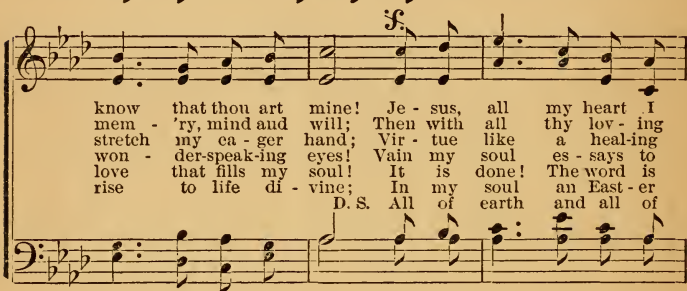


REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

E. S. L.



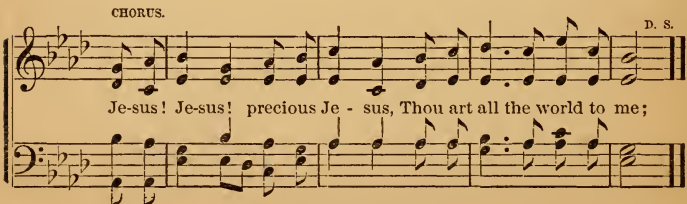
1. Pre - cious Je - sus! oh, to love thee! Oh, to
 2. Take my warm - est, best af - fee - tions; Take my
 3. Bold I touch thy sa - cred gar - ment, Fear - less
 4. Lo! he turns and looks up - on me With those
 5. Oh, how pre - cious, dear Re - deem - er, Is the
 6. Lo! a new cre - a - tion dawn - ing; Lo! I



know that thou art mine! Je - sus, all my heart I
 mem - 'ry, mind and will; Then with all thy lov - ing
 stretch my ca - ger hand; Vir - tue like a healing
 won - der - speak - ing eyes! Vain my soul es - says to
 love that fills my soul! It is done! The word is
 rise to life di - vine; In my soul an East - er
 D. S. All of earth and all of



give thee, If thou wilt but make it thine.
 Spir - it, All my emp - tied na - ture fill.
 fount - ain Free - ly flows at love's com - mand.
 an - swer, I am lost in sweet sur - prise!
 spo - ken, Be thou ev - 'ry whit made whole.
 morn - ing, I am Christ's and Christ is mine.
 heav - en, All I want I find in thee.



CHORUS.

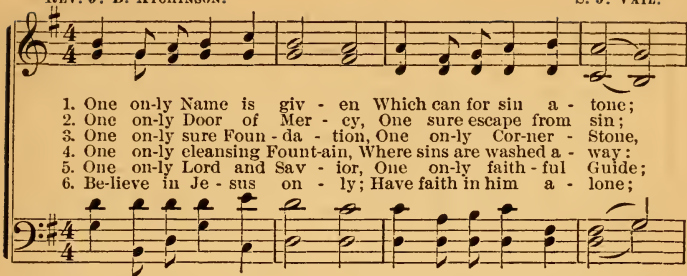
Je - sus! Je - sus! precious Je - sus, Thou art all the world to me;

D. S.

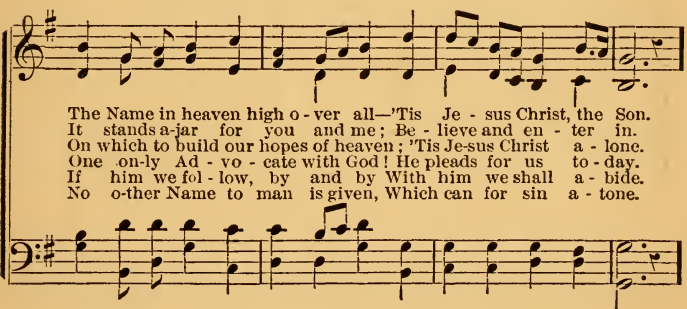
ONE ONLY NAME.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

S. J. VAIL. 81

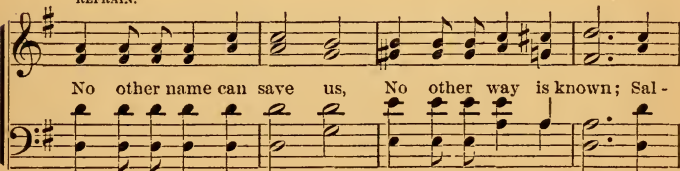


1. One on-ly Name is giv - en Which can for sin a - tone;
 2. One on-ly Door of Mer - cy, One sure escape from sin;
 3. One on-ly sure Foun - da - tion, One on-ly Cor - ner - Stone,
 4. One on-ly cleansing Fount-ain, Where sins are washed a - way;
 5. One on-ly Lord and Sav - ior, One on-ly faith - ful Guide;
 6. Be-lieve in Je - sus on - ly; Have faith in him a - lone;

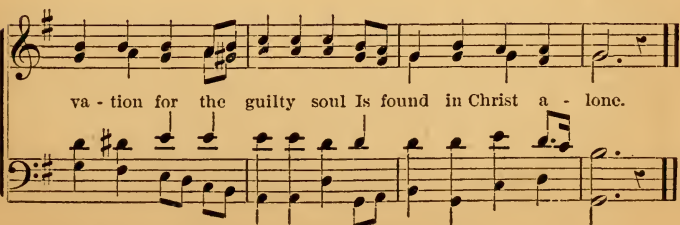


The Name in heaven high o - ver all—'Tis Je - sus Christ, the Son.
 It stands a-jar for you and me; Be - lieve and en - ter in.
 On which to build our hopes of heaven; 'Tis Je-sus Christ a - lone.
 One on-ly Ad - vo - cate with God! He pleads for us to - day.
 If him we fol - low, by and by With him we shall a - bide.
 No o - ther Name to man is given, Which can for sin a - tone.

REFRAIN.



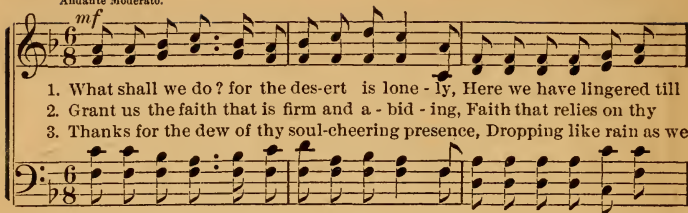
No other name can save us, No other way is known; Sal -



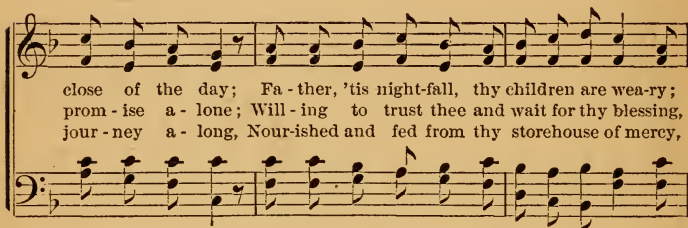
va - tion for the guilty soul Is found in Christ a - lone.

Andante Moderato.

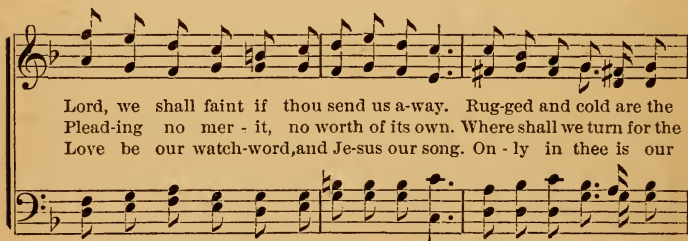
mf



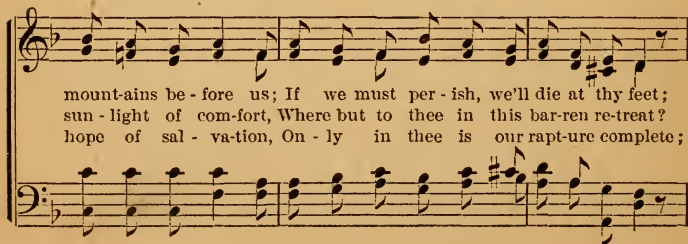
1. What shall we do ? for the des-ert is lone - ly, Here we have lingered till
2. Grant us the faith that is firm and a - bid - ing, Faith that relies on thy
3. Thanks for the dew of thy soul-cheering presence, Dropping like rain as we



close of the day; Fa - ther, 'tis night-fall, thy children are wea-ry;
 prom - ise a - lone; Will - ing to trust thee and wait for thy blessing,
 jour - ney a - long, Nour - ished and fed from thy storehouse of mercy,



Lord, we shall faint if thou send us a-way. Rug-ged and cold are the
 Plead-ing no mer - it, no worth of its own. Where shall we turn for the
 Love be our watch-word, and Je-sus our song. On - ly in thee is our



mount-ains be - fore us; If we must per - ish, we'll die at thy feet;
 sun - light of com-fort, Where but to thee in this bar-ren re-treat?
 hope of sal - va-tion, On - ly in thee is our rapt-ure complete;

Thou hast the bread that en - dur - eth for - ev - er,
Still do we hun - ger and thirst in the des - ert,
If but the crumbs that may fall from thy ta - ble,

Sav - ior, dear Sav - ior, oh, give us to eat!

LOOKING UP.

J. T. HARMSTON.

1. Pilgrims all wear-i - ly, Droopingly, Drear-i - ly, Bound for a - bove.
2. Over the mountain side, Where the sweet waters glide, Waiting to bless;
3. Up, when dark days begin, Shrouded in mists of sin, Up we would roam;
4. Up to the shining towers, Up where are fadeless flowers, Up to the throne;
5. Father of love and light, Oh, thro' life's longest night Help us to be

Earth is no home for us, Yet have we o - ver us Shel - ters of love.
Heav'nward our spirits yearn, Thither our eyes we turn, Onward we press.
Sending forth longingly Tho'ts that come throngingly, Sighing for home.
Up where bright crowns they fling, Up where the ransomed sing, Joy in their tone.
Looking amid the gloom, Far past the darkened tomb, Up un-to thee.

THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR. L. M.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. Be - hold a stranger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked before,
 2. Oh, love - ly attitude—he stands With melting heart and loaded hands;
 3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will—the very friend you need;
 4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine, Turn out his en - e - my and thine—
 5. Ad-mit him, ere his an - ger burn—His feet, departed, ne'er return;

Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no other friend so ill.
 Oh, matchless kindness—and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
 The Friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
 That soul - des - troy - ing mon - ster, sin, —And let the heavenly Stranger in.
 Ad - mit him, or the hour's at hand You'll at his door re - jected stand.

CHORUS.

Oh, let the dear Savior come in, come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin, from sin;

Oh, keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in, come in.

REVIVE THY WORK.

85

ALBERT MIDLANE.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Re - vive thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare;
 2. Re - vive thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death;
 3. Re - vive thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt thy pre - cious name,
 4. Re - vive thy work, O Lord! And give re - fresh - ing showers;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make thy peo-ple hear.
 Quick - en the smold'ring em-bers now By thy al-might - y breath.
 And, by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For thee and thine in - flame.
 The glo - ry shall be all thine own, The bless-ing, Lord, be ours.

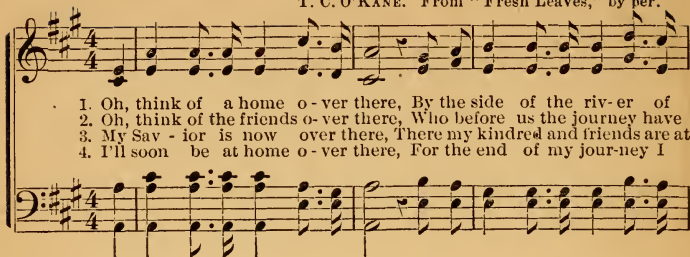
REFRAIN,

Re - vive, re-vive, thy work, O Lord! Re-vive thy work, O Lord!

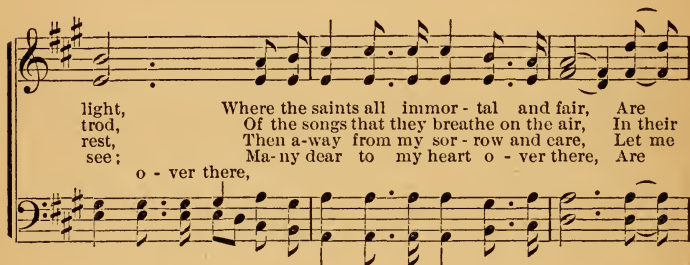
The glo - ry shall be all thine own, The bless - ing, Lord, be ours.

WE'VE A HOME OVER THERE.

T. C. O'KANE. From "Fresh Leaves," by per.



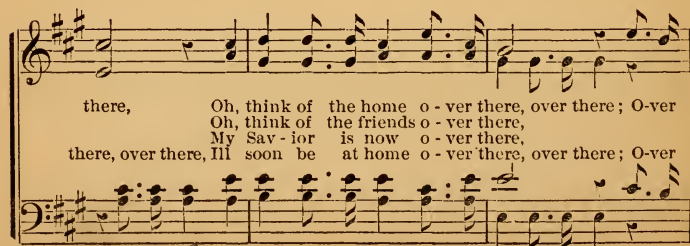
1. Oh, think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of
 2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who before us the journey have
 3. My Sav - ior is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at
 4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I



light, Where the saints all immor - tal and fair, Are
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest, Then a-way from my sor - row and care, Let me
 see; Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are
 o - ver there,



REFRAIN.
 robed in their garments of white, o-ver there. O - ver there, o - ver
 home in the pal - ace of God, o-ver there.
 fly to the land of the blest, o-ver there.
 watch-ing and wait-ing for me, o-ver there. Over there,



there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, over there; O-ver
 Oh, think of the friends o - ver there,
 My Sav - ior is now o - ver there,
 there, over there, Ill soon be at home o - ver there, over there; O-ver

there, over there, over there, Oh, think of a home o-ver there.
 over there, Oh, think of the friends over there.
 there, over there, over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
 over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

FINE.

1. Children of the heavenly King, As we journey, let us sing;
 D. C. They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.
 2. Fear not brethren, joyful stand On the bor-ders of our land;
 D. C. On - ly thou our lead-er be, And we still will fol-low thee.

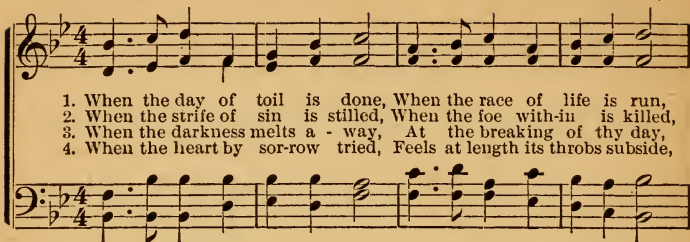
Sing our Savior's wor- thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
 Je - sus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us undismayed go on.

We are trav'ling home to God, In the way our Fathers trod;
 Lord! obe-dient-ly we'll go, Glad-ly leaving all be - low;

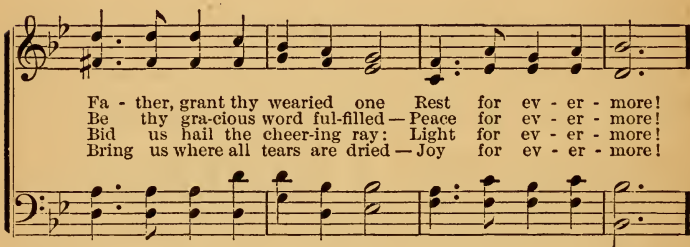
WHEN THE DAY OF TOIL IS DONE.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

W. H. LANTHURN.

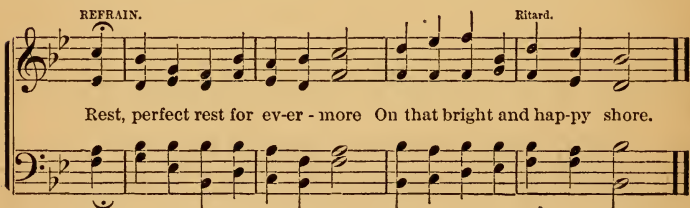


1. When the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run,
 2. When the strife of sin is stilled, When the foe with-in is killed,
 3. When the darkness melts a - way, At the breaking of thy day,
 4. When the heart by sor-row tried, Feels at length its throbs subside,



Fa - ther, grant thy wearied one Rest for ev - er - more!
 Be thy gra-cious word ful-filled — Peace for ev - er - more!
 Bid us hail the cheer-ing ray: Light for ev - er - more!
 Bring us where all tears are dried — Joy for ev - er - more!

REFRAIN.



Ritard.

Rest, perfect rest for ev - er - more On that bright and hap-py shore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
 Days that never can return,
 Teach us in thy love to learn
 Love for evermore!

6 When the breath of life is flown,
 When the grave must claim its own,
 Lord of Life! be ours thy crown—
 Life for evermore!

1. Je-sus, faithful Shepherd, guide me Thro' the desert dark and drear :
 2. Rugged mountains rise before me ; Help me up the giddy height :
 3. Once from thee I loved to wander, Guilty, wretched, and defiled ;

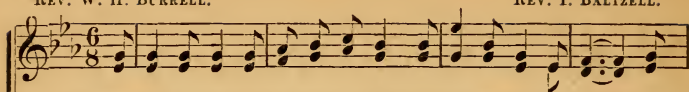
In the hour of dan-ger hide me, And my fainting spir-it cheer.
 Angry tem-pests ga-ther o'er me, And with midnight gloom unite :
 And my path re-fused to ponder ; But thou didst redeem thy child.

Vain the aid that nature gives me, Weak is friendship's helping hand,
 But thy loving smile assures me, As I lean up-on thy arm ;
 Now I'm thine, and thou wilt ever Guide and guard me, and befriend ;

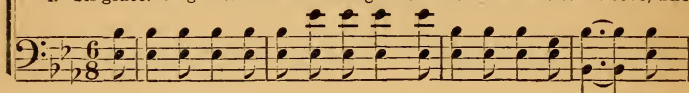
For the heart that oft deceives me, Thou alone canst understand.
 And thy ten-der care secures me From the perils of the storm.
 And with love that changes never, Thou wilt love me to the end.

REV. W. H. BURRELL.

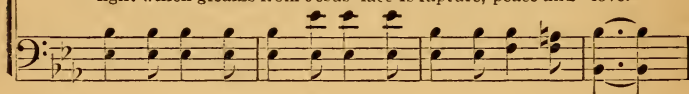
REV. I. BALTZELL.



1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! This great salvation brings; The
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! Which saves the soul from sin; The
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! Its streams are full and free; Are
4. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! Which bears the soul above; The

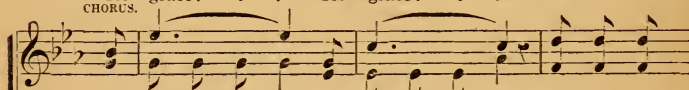


soul, de-liv-ered of its load, In sweetest rapture sings.
 power of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with-in.
 flow-ing now for all the race; They e - ven flow to me.
 light which gleams from Jesus' face Is rapture, peace and love.

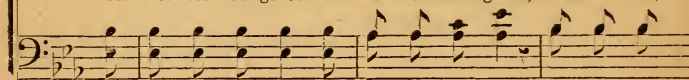


'Tis grace!
 CHORUS.

'Tis grace!



'Tis won-der - ful grace! 'tis won-der - ful grace, Won-der - ful,



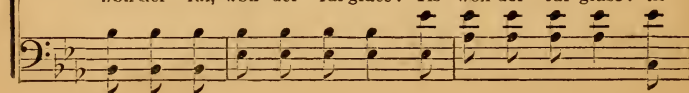
grace!

'Tis grace!

'tis



won-der - ful, won-der - ful grace! 'Tis won-der - ful grace! 'tis



grace! . . .

Handwritten musical score for 'Wonderful Grace'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

won - der - ful grace, Flow - ing still, free - ly for me.

LENOX. H. M.

J. EDSON, 1782.

Handwritten musical score for 'Lenox H. M.'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. Blow ye the trumpet,—blow ! The gladly solemn sound ; Let all the nations
2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made : Ye wearied spirits,
3. Extol the Lamb of God, The all - a - ton - ing Lamb ; Redemption in his
4. Ye, who have sold for naught Your heritage above ! Shall have it back un-

Handwritten musical score for 'Lenox H. M.'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The
rest ; Ye mournful souls, be glad ; The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The
blood, Throughout the world, proclaim ; The year of jubilee is come, The
bought, The gift of Je - sus' love ; The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The

Handwritten musical score for 'Lenox H. M.'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

year of ju - bi - lee is come ; Return, ye ransomed sin - ners, home !

HOME IN HEAVEN.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY. From "The Evergreen." By per.

1. A - mid the toil and pain of life, A - mid its conflict and its strife,
 2. When loved ones fade and pass away, And left alone on earth I stay,
 3. We'll see our Sav-ior as he is, En - joy his love and taste his bliss,
 4. No more we'll reach the parting hand In yonder bright and happy land,

A pre-cious tho't to me is given, The tho't of my sweet home in heaven.
 To cheer my heart this hope is given, We'll meet in yon sweet home in heaven.
 And endless life will there be given, In yon - der peaceful home in heaven.
 No more will sad farewells be given In yon - der bless-ed home in heaven.

CHORUS.

Oh, home of peace, . . . blest home of love,
 Oh, home of peace, blest home of love, Oh, home of peace, blest home of love,

Bass and Tenor *p*

Sweet home of end - less life a - bove;
 Sweet home of end-less life a-bove, sweet home of endless life a - bove;

When ties . . . that bind . . . to earth are riv'n,
When ties that bind to earth are riv'n, when ties that bind to earth are riv'n,

I'll seek . . thy courts, sweet home, in heav'n!
I'll seek thy courts, sweet home, in heav'n, I'll seek thy courts, sweet home,
in heav'n!

MAITLAND. C. M.

Western Melody. — ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap-py are the saints a-bove, Who once went mourning here!
3. This con - se-crat-ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
4. Up - on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pier - ed feet,
5. And palm shall wave, and harps shall ring, Beneath heaven's arches high;
6. Oh, pre-cious cross! oh, glorious crown! Oh, res-ur-rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - ery one. And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-mingled love, And joy without a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing, That lives no more to die.
Ye an-gels! from the skies come down, And bear my soul a - way.

Rev. ALEXANDER CLARK, D. D.

E. S. LORENZ.

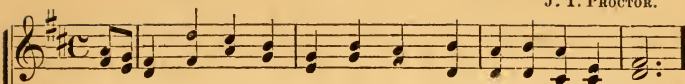
1. Heavenly Fa-ther, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow;
 2. Now, O Lord! this ver - y hour Send thy grace and show thy power;
 3. Now, just now, for Je - sus' sake, Lift the clouds, the fet-ters break;
 4. Mer - cy now, O Lord, I plead, In this hour of ut - ter need;
 5. O thou lov - ing, bless-ed One, Ris - ing o'er me like the sun,

Take my guilt and grief a-way; Hear and heal me now, I pray.
 While I rest up-on thy word, Come and bless me now, O Lord!
 While I look and as I cry, Touch and cleanse me ere I die.
 Turn me not a-way un-blest, Calm my an-guish in - to rest.
 Light and life art thou with-in— Sav - ior, now, from ev - ery sin.

CHORUS.

Hear and bless me! hear and bless me! Heavenly Father, bless me now;

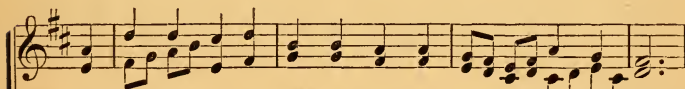
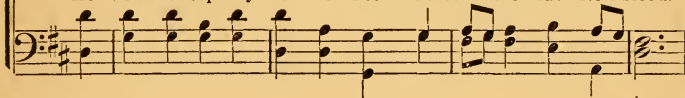
Now the time! and this the place! Gra-cious Father, show thy grace.



1. Oh! think of Je - sus' love to thee, Think what thy ransom cost;
2. Think of the blessings he has bought, The debt thou couldst not pay,
3. Oh, do not then withhold from him Aught that his grace be-stows;
4. Come then to him with-out re-serve, De - vote thy-self to God;



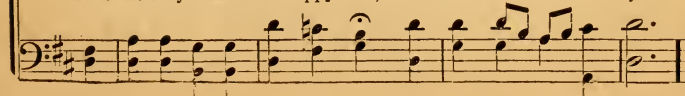
The blood of God's dear Son a - bove Was shed to save the lost.
 And of the place pre-pared for thee In realms of end - less day.
 No, give thyself, thy all, to him, Whose love no lim - it knows.
 He will ac-cept thy sac - ri - fice Washed in the Sav - ior's blood.



Then give thy - self to him who died, To him who ran-somed thee;
 Then let his love thy heart o'erpower, His love, so great, so free;
 Yes, give thy - self, thy all, to him Who asks, de-mands, thy love;
 Oh, come to him, oh, come to him, His lov - ing serv - ant be,



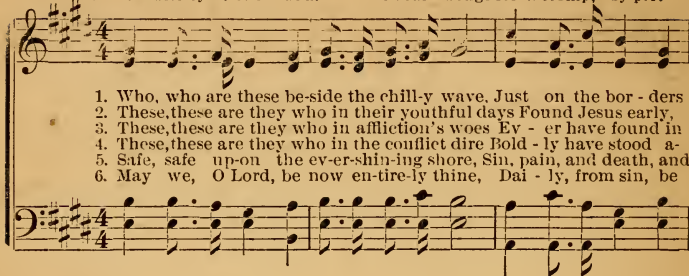
For Je-sus shed his pre-cious blood, His mer - cy was so free.
 And give thyself with-out de - lay To him who ran-somed thee.
 To him who came to fall - en man, From his bright throne a - bove.
 That he may make thee happy now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



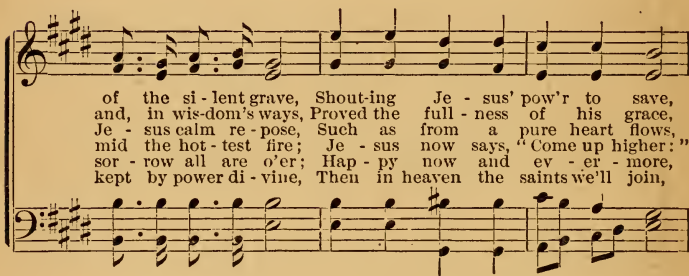
"SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES."

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

From "Songs for Worship," by per.

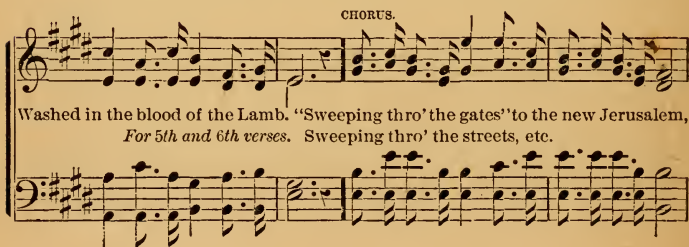


1. Who, who are these be-side the chill-y wave, Just on the bor-ders
2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Jesus early,
3. These, these are they who in affliction's woes Ev-er have found in
4. These, these are they who in the conflict dire Bold-ly have stood a-
5. Safe, safe up-on the ev-er-shin-ing shore, Sin, pain, and death, and
6. May we, O Lord, be now en-tire-ly thine, Dai-ly, from sin, be

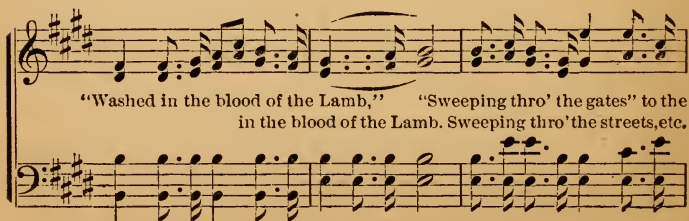


of the si-lent grave, Shout-ing Je-sus' pow'r to save,
and, in wis-dom's ways, Proved the full-ness of his grace,
Je-sus calm re-pose, Such as from a pure heart flows,
mid the hot-test fire; Je-sus now says, "Come up higher:"
sor-row all are o'er; Hap-py now and ev-er-more,
kept by power di-vine, Then in heaven the saints we'll join,

CHORUS.



Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the new Jerusalem,
For 5th and 6th verses. Sweeping thro' the streets, etc.



"Washed in the blood of the Lamb," "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the
in the blood of the Lamb. Sweeping thro' the streets, etc.

new Je - ru - sa - lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

This block contains the musical notation for the first part of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

THE CROSS OUR BANNER.

Bishop DOANE.

Arr. from German.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
 The sun that lights its shining folds—The cross on which the Savior died. }
 2. Fling out the ban-ner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight ;
 And nations, crowding to be born, Baptize their spirits in its light. }
 3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls, That sink and perish in the strife,
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem, And spring immortal in - to life. }
 4. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
 Our glo - ry on - ly in the Cross, Our on-ly hope—the Cru - ci - fied. }

This block contains the musical notation for the main body of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Fling out the banner! fling it high and wide! O'er ev'ry land and ocean let it shine!

This block contains the musical notation for the chorus of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The cross of Christ our ban-ner is, We conquer on - ly in that sign.

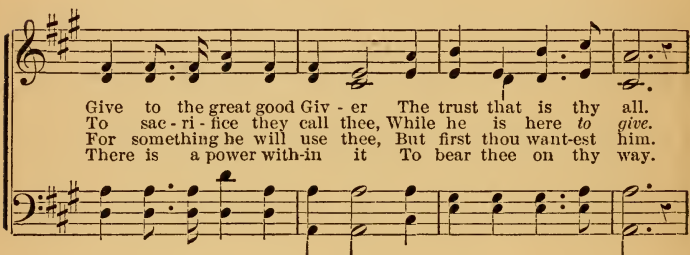
This block contains the musical notation for the final line of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

A. L. WARING.

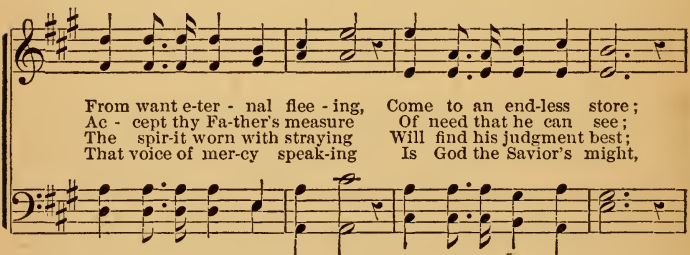
E. N. CAMPBELL.



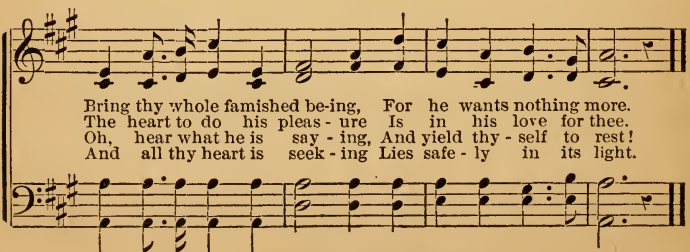
1. Come to the clear deep riv - er; Come where the pastures call;
 2. If thoughts of thine ap-pall thee, Oh, lean on his and live!
 3. He will not now re-fuse thee, Weak hand and vision dim;
 4. For one transporting min - ute The beckoning word o-bey;



Give to the great good Giv - er The trust that is thy all.
 To sac - ri - fice they call thee, While he is here to give.
 For something he will use thee, But first thou want-est him.
 There is a power with-in it To bear thee on thy way.



From want e-ter - nal flee - ing, Come to an end-less store;
 Ac - cept thy Fa-ther's measure Of need that he can see;
 The spir-it worn with straying Will find his judgment best;
 That voice of mer-cy speak-ing Is God the Savior's might,



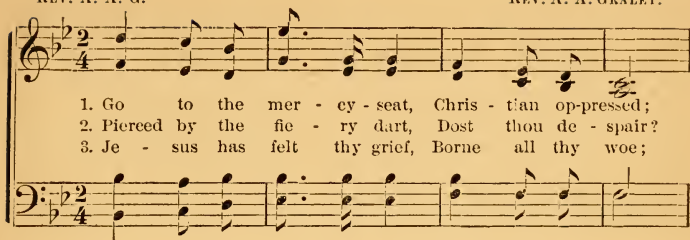
Bring thy whole famished be-ing, For he wants nothing more.
 The heart to do his pleas - ure Is in his love for thee.
 Oh, hear what he is say - ing, And yield thy - self to rest!
 And all thy heart is seek - ing Lies safe - ly in its light.

RELIEF IN PRAYER.

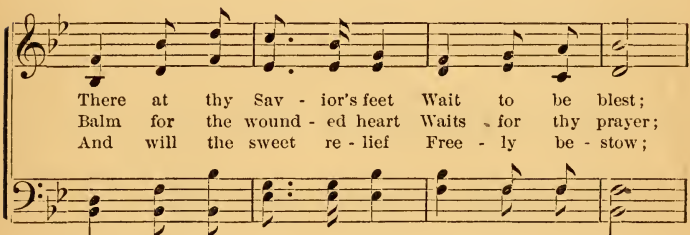
99

REV. A. A. G.

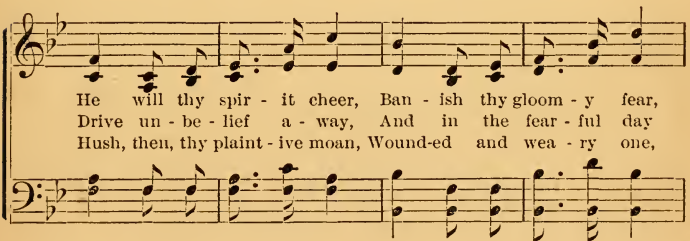
REV. A. A. GRALEY.



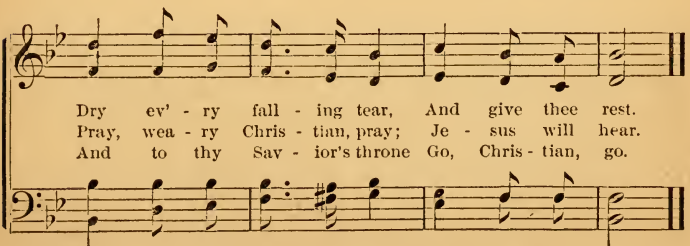
1. Go to the mer - cy - seat, Chris - tian op-pressed;
 2. Pierced by the fie - ry dart, Dost thou de - spair?
 3. Je - sus has felt thy grief, Borne all thy woe;



There at thy Sav - ior's feet Wait to be blest;
 Balm for the wound - ed heart Waits for thy prayer;
 And will the sweet re - lief Free - ly be - stow;



He will thy spir - it cheer, Ban - ish thy gloom - y fear,
 Drive un - be - lief a - way, And in the fear - ful day
 Hush, then, thy plaint - ive moan, Wound - ed and wea - ry one,

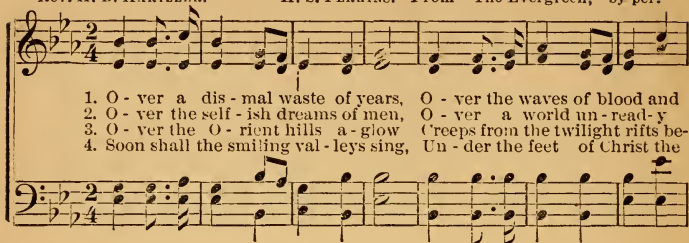


Dry ev' - ry fall - ing tear, And give thee rest.
 Pray, wea - ry Chris - tian, pray; Je - sus will hear.
 And to thy Sav - ior's throne Go, Chris - tian, go.

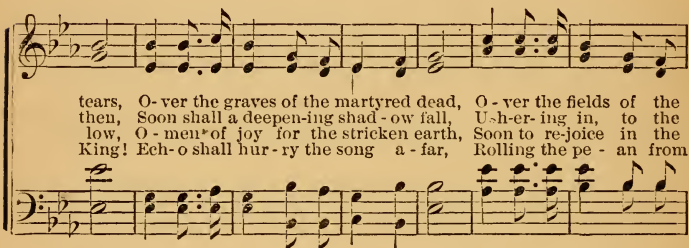
WATCHMAN, AWAKE!

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

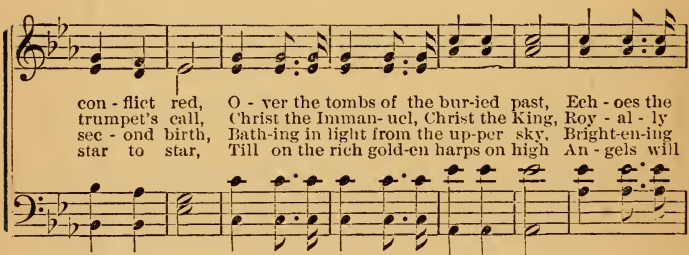
H. S. PERKINS. From "The Evergreen," by per.



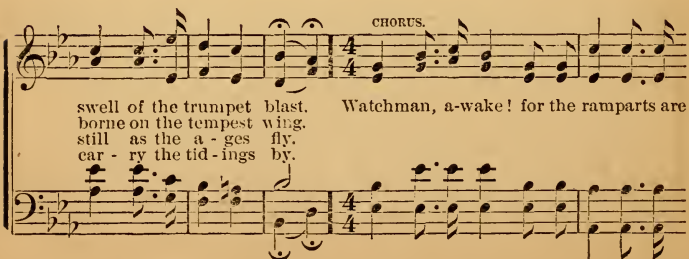
1. O - ver a dis - mal waste of years, O - ver the waves of blood and
 2. O - ver the self - ish dreams of men, O - ver a world un - read - y
 3. O - ver the O - rient hills a - glow Creeps from the twilight rifts be-
 4. Soon shall the smiling val - leys sing, Un - der the feet of Christ the



tears, O - ver the graves of the martyred dead, O - ver the fields of the
 then, Soon shall a deepen-ing shad - ow fall, Ush - er - ing in, to the
 low, O - men of joy for the stricken earth, Soon to re-joyce in the
 King! Ech - o shall hur - ry the song a - far, Rolling the pe - an from



con - flict red, O - ver the tombs of the bur - ied past, Ech - oes the
 trumpet's call, Christ the Imman - uel, Christ the King, Roy - al - ly
 sec - ond birth, Bath - ing in light from the up - per sky, Bright - en - ing
 star to star, Till on the rich gold - en harps on high An - gels will



swell of the trumpet blast. Watchman, a-wake! for the ramparts are
 borne on the tempest wing.
 still as the a - ges fly.
 car - ry the tid - ings by.

CHORUS.

shaking! Rise from thy slumber, the morning now is breaking! See the Mil-

len - ni-um red'ning the sky! Zi - on, a-rise, your redemption is nigh!

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

TRUSTING. 7s.

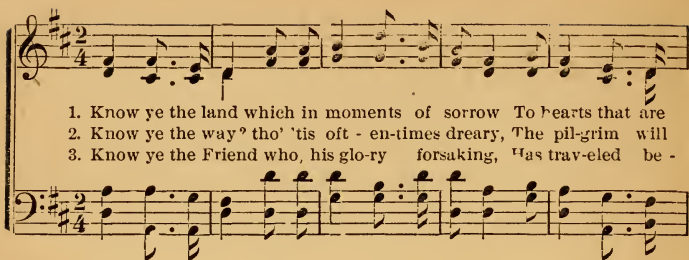
W. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to thee—Friends, and time, and earthly store;
4. In the prom-is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap-plied:
5. Je-sus comes! he fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in love I am:

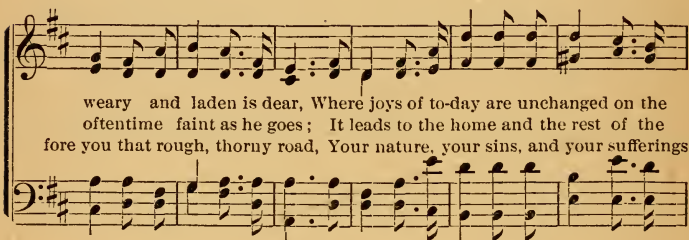
CHORUS: I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee; Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

I am count-ing all but dross! I shall thy sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet-ly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.
 Soul and bod - y thine to be—Whol-ly thine—for ev - er - more.
 I am pros-trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
 I am ev - ery whit made whole: Glo-ry! glo - ry to the Lamb!

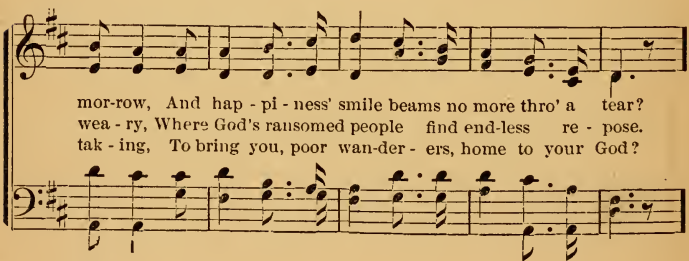
Hum-bly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.



1. Know ye the land which in moments of sorrow To hearts that are
 2. Know ye the way? tho' 'tis oft - en-times dreary, The pil-grim will
 3. Know ye the Friend who, his glo-ry forsaking, Has trav-eled be -

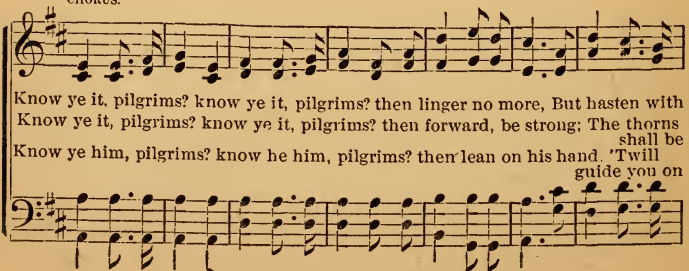


weary and laden is dear, Where joys of to-day are unchanged on the
 oftentime faint as he goes; It leads to the home and the rest of the
 fore you that rough, thorny road, Your nature, your sins, and your sufferings




mor-row, And hap - pi - ness' smile beams no more thro' a tear?
 wea - ry, Where God's ransomed people find end-less re - pose.
 tak - ing, To bring you, poor wan-der - ers, home to your God?

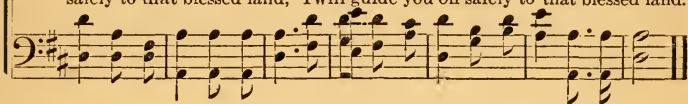
CHORUS.



Know ye it, pilgrims? know ye it, pilgrims? then linger no more, But hasten with
 Know ye it, pilgrims? know ye it, pilgrims? then forward, be strong; The thorns shall be
 Know ye him, pilgrims? know he him, pilgrims? then lean on his hand. 'Twill guide you on



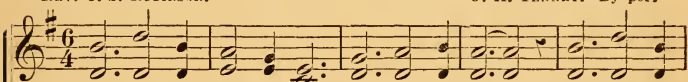
me to that heavenly shore, But hasten with me to that heavenly shore.
 changed to fair flowers ere long, The thorns shall be changed to fair flowers ere
 safely to that blessed land, 'Twill guide you on safely to that blessed land.



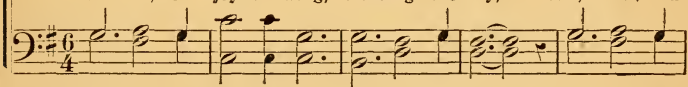

REV. C. S. ROBINSON.

FAITH. 6s & 4s.


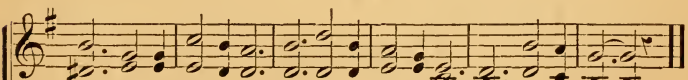
J. H. TENNEY. By per.



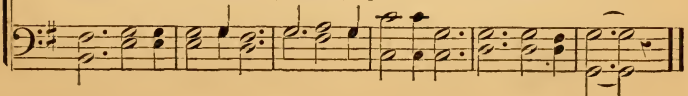
1. Near-er, my God! to thee—Near-er to thee; E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heaven; All that thou
 4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be,
 o-ver me, My rest a stone. Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
 send'st to me, In mer-cy given; An-gels to beck-on me
 ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars forgot, Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God! to thee, Nearer, my God! to thee—Nearer to thee.



1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

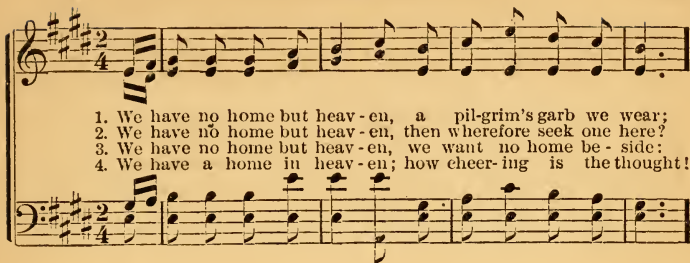
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
D. S. And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

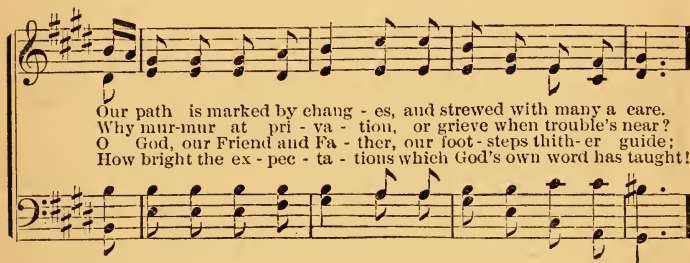
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
Oh, may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.</p> <p>3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.</p> | <p>4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.</p> <p>5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.</p> |
|---|--|

"Yet there is Room."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Come, sinner! to the gospel feast;
Oh! come without delay;
For there is room, in Jesus' breast,
For all who will obey.</p> <p>2 There's room, in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul:
Room, in the Spirit's grace above,
To heal and make thee whole.</p> | <p>3 There's room, within the church, re-
With blood of Christ divine; [deemed
Room in the white-robed throng, con-
For that dear soul of thine. [vened</p> <p>4 There's room, around thy Father's
For thee and thousands more: [board,
Oh! come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.</p> |
|---|---|



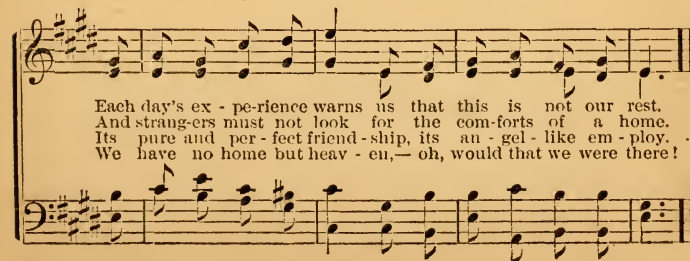
1. We have no home but heav-en, a pil-grim's garb we wear;
 2. We have no home but heav-en, then wherefore seek one here?
 3. We have no home but heav-en, we want no home be-side;
 4. We have a home in heav-en; how cheer-ing is the thought!



Our path is marked by chang-es, and strewed with many a care.
 Why mur-mur at pri-va-tion, or grieve when trouble's near?
 O God, our Friend and Fa-ther, our foot-steps thith-er guide;
 How bright the ex-pec-ta-tions which God's own word has taught!



Sur-round-ed with temp-ta-tion, by va-rious ills op-pressed,
 It is, but for a sea-son that we as strang-ers roam,
 Un-fold to us its glo-ry, pre-pare us for its joy,
 With ea-ger hearts we has-ten the prom-ised bliss to share,—



Each day's ex-pe-rience warns us that this is not our rest.
 And strang-ers must not look for the com-forts of a home.
 Its pure and per-fect friend-ship, its an-gel-like em-ploy.
 We have no home but heav-en,—oh, would that we were there!

THIS LOAD OF SIN.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

J. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, this load of sin! It ris - es mount-ain high; Dear
 2. Oh, this load of sin! The weight will crush my heart, Un-
 3. Oh, this load of sin! It brings me great un - rest; Dear
 4. Oh, this load of sin! When will the bur - den cease? Dear

REFRAIN.

Sav-ior, save me now, Oh, help me, or I die!
 less, my blessed Lord, Thou bidst it all de - part. Oh, my
 Je - sus, par-don speak, And seal it on my breast. Now I come with my
 Je - sus, bless me now, And give me, give me peace.

load of sin! Oh, my load of sin!
 load of sin! Cleanse me, Savior, and dwell within. Je - sus, at thy

feet I bow, I am pleading for pardon now, Oh, save me, Jesus, now.

I PRESS TOWARD THE MARK.

107

JNO. G. ROBINSON. From "Hearts and Voices." By per.

Andante.

1. Ah! tell me not of gold or treas - ure, Of pomp and beau - ty
 2. In him I find my ex - ult - a - tion, My fair - est vis - ion
 3. The world and her pursuits will per - ish, Her beau - ty's fad - ing
 4. And tho' a pil - grim I must wan - der, Still ab - sent from the

here on earth. There's not a thing that gives me pleas - ure, Of
 of de - light; I feel mine eyes, mine ex - pec - ta - tion, On
 like a flower; The bright - est schemes the earth can cher - ish Are
 One I love, He soon will have me with him you - der, In

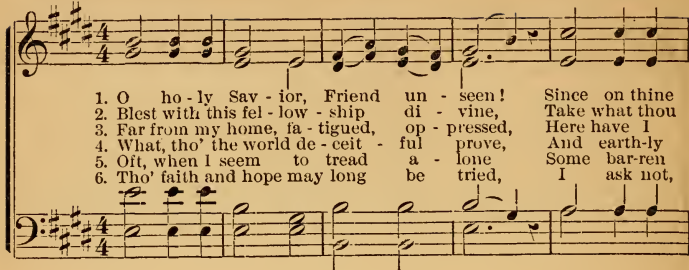
CHORUS. Allegretto.

all the world displays for worth.
 him a - lone, my Rest, my Light. Each heart will seek and
 but the pastime of an hour. Each heart will seek
 his own glo - ry - realms a - bove.

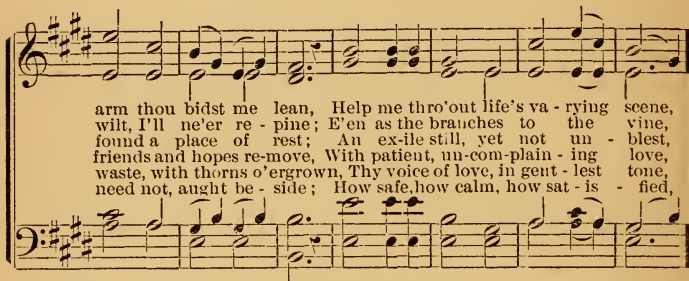
Chorus for last verse. Tri - umph - ant - ly I
 Tri - umph - ant - ly

love its own; My goal is Christ, and Christ a - lone.
 and love its own; My goal is Christ, and Christ a - lone.

there - fore own My goal is Christ, and Christ a - lone.
 there - fore own My goal is Christ, and Christ alone.

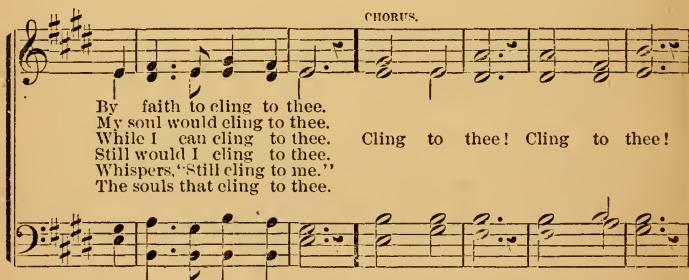


1. O ho - ly Sav - ior, Friend un - seen! Since on thine
 2. Blest with this fel - low - ship di - vine, Take what thou
 3. Far from my home, fa - tighed, op - pressed, Here have I
 4. What, tho' the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earth - ly
 5. Oft, when I seem to tread a - lone Some bar - ren
 6. Tho' faith and hope may long be tried, I ask not,

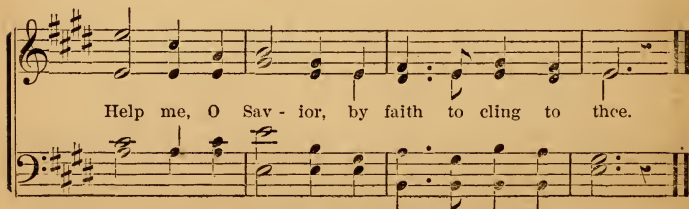


arm thou bidst me lean, Help me thro'out life's va - rying scene,
 wilt, I'll ne'er re - pine; E'en as the branches to the vine,
 found a place of rest; An ex - ile still, yet not un - blest,
 friends and hopes re - move, With patient, un - com - plain - ing love,
 waste, with thorns o'ergrown, Thy voice of love, in gent - lest tone,
 need not, aught be - side; How safe, how calm, how sat - is - fied,

CHORUS.

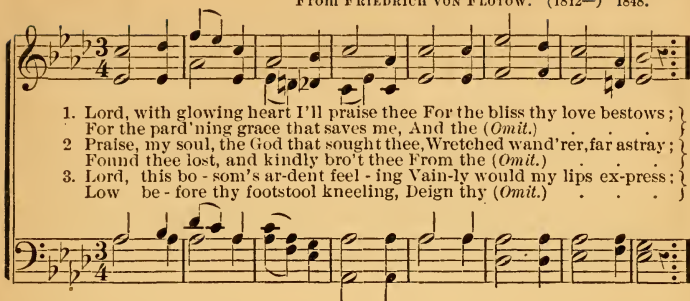


By faith to cling to thee.
 My soul would cling to thee.
 While I can cling to thee. Cling to thee! Cling to thee!
 Still would I cling to thee.
 Whispers, "Still cling to me."
 The souls that cling to thee.



Help me, O Sav - ior, by faith to cling to thee.

FROM FRIEDRICH VON FLOW. (1812—) 1848.



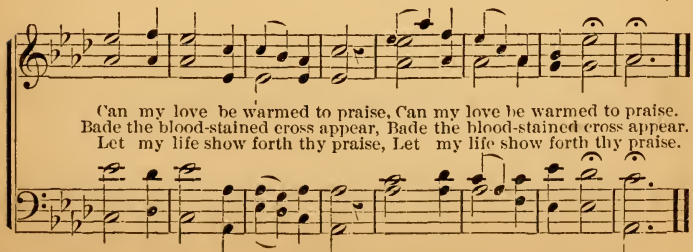
1. Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise thee For the bliss thy love bestows ;
For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the *(Omit.)*
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wand'rer, far astray ;
Found thee lost, and kindly bro't thee From the *(Omit.)*
3. Lord, this bo - som's ar - dent feel - ing Vain - ly would my lips ex - press ;
Low be - fore thy footstool kneeling, Deign thy *(Omit.)*



peace that from it flows. Help, O Lord, my weak en - deav - or ;
paths of death a - way. Praise, with love's de - vout - est feel - ing,
sup - pliant's prayer to bless. Let thy grace, my soul's chief pleas - ure,



This dull soul to rapt - ure raise ; Thou must light the flame, or never
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear, And, the light of hope re - veal - ing,
Love's pure flame within me raise ; And, since words can never measure,



Can my love be warmed to praise, Can my love be warmed to praise.
Bade the blood-stained cross appear, Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
Let my life show forth thy praise, Let my life show forth thy praise.

1. I wish to feel thy Spir - it For-ev-er in me shine, Re -
 2. I know that my sal - va - tion Was purchased by thy love; Oh!
 3. My sins thou hast for-giv - en, Thy righteousness I wear, And
 4. Un - til the crown is giv - en, And I with thee ap - pear, Be

veal-ing thy blest mer - it To this cold heart of mine.
 thro' each dark tempt-a - tion May I still faith-ful prove.
 I shall go to heav - en To praise thy good-ness there.
 this my con-stant heav - en, To feel thy pres-ence here.

CHORUS.

Dear Savior, sweetly bind me Fast to thy wounded side, And

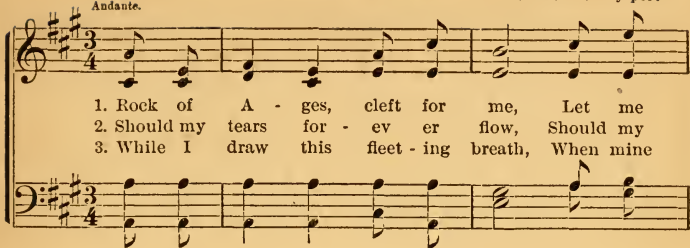
ev - er - more re-mind me That thou for me hast died.

ROCK OF AGES.

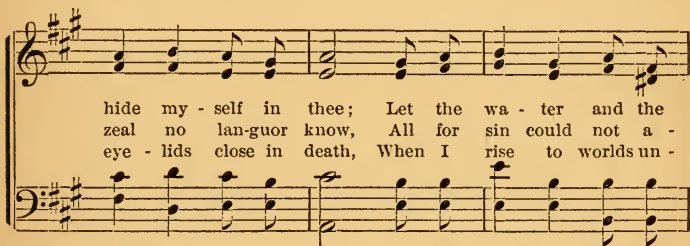
111

J. H. LESLIE. By per.

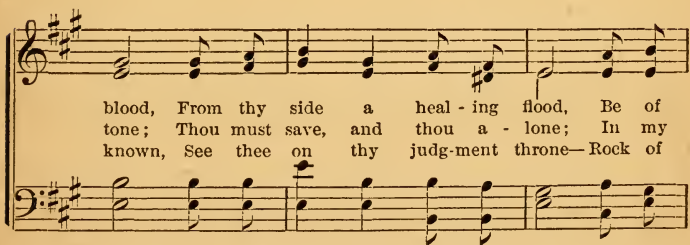
Andante.



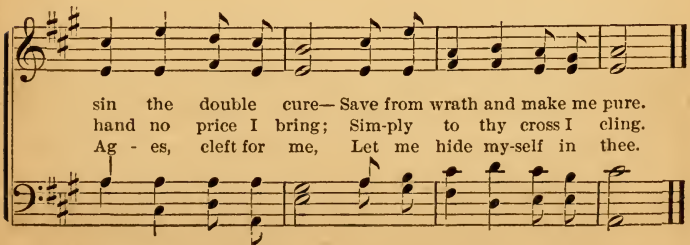
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me
 2. Should my tears for - ev er flow, Should my
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine



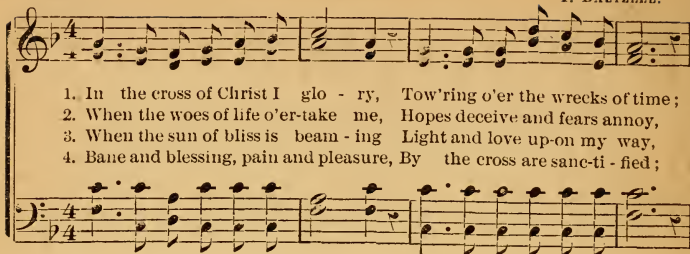
hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the
 zeal no lan-guor know, All for sin could not a -
 eye - lids close in death, When I rise to worlds un -



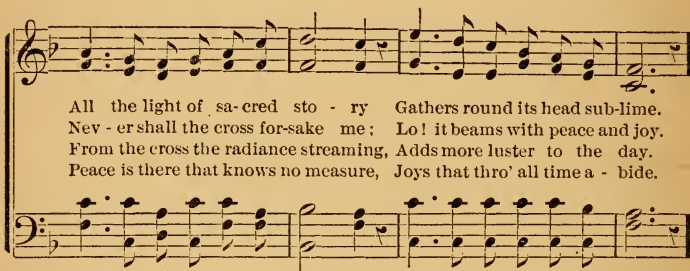
blood, From thy side a heal - ing flood, Be of
 tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone; In my
 known, See thee on thy judg-ment throne—Rock of



sin the double cure—Save from wrath and make me pure.
 hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.
 Ag - es, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.

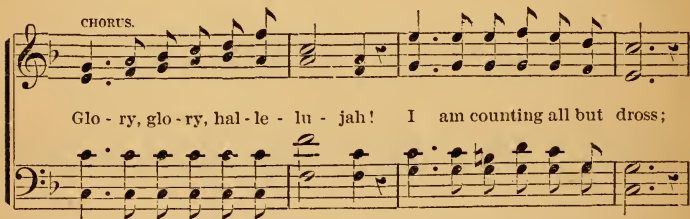


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up-on my way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti - fied;

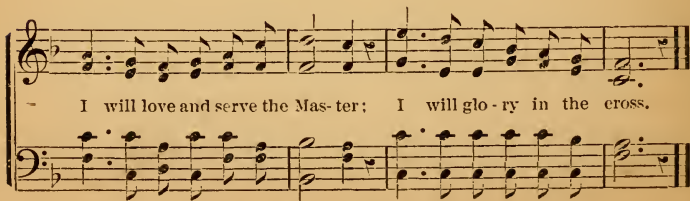


All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it beams with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds more luster to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I am counting all but dross;



I will love and serve the Mas - ter; I will glo - ry in the cross.

J. T. PROCTOR.

1. Oh, tell me of that hap - py land, Far a - way, far a - way,
 2. Oh, tell me of that hap - py throng, Far a - way, far a - way;
 3. Oh, tell me of that hap - py place, Far a - way, far a - way,

And that bright immortal band, Far a - way, far a - way; Where no sin and
 Of that grand, triumphant song, Far a - way, far a - way; Of those robes so
 Where they see Immanuel's face, Far a - way, far a - way; Where they render

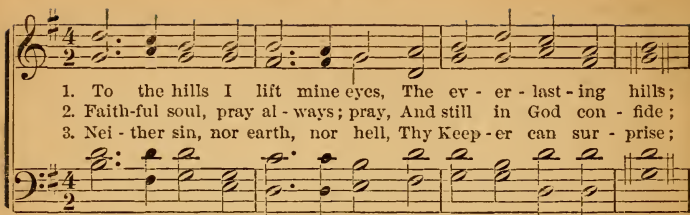
sorrow dwell, That bright land where all is well, Far a - way, far a - way.
 pure and white, Of that land where all is light, Far a - way, far a - way.
 prais-es sweet While they fall at Je - sus' feet, Far a - way, far a - way.

4 Oh, tell me of that happy shore,
 Far away, far away,
 Where they meet to part no more,
 Far away, far away;
 Where life's stormy sea is past,
 And they anchor safe at last,
 Far away, far away.

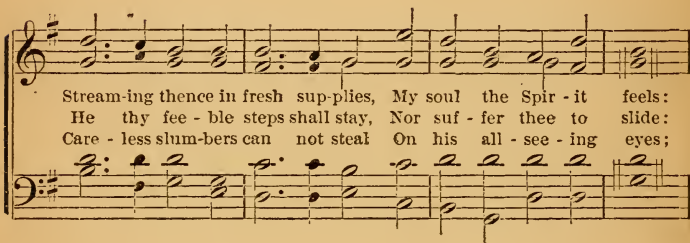
5 Oh, tell me of that happy land,
 Far away, far away;
 Of that bright and happy land,
 Far away, far away,
 Where on ransomed brows so fair
 Dazzling crowns of glory are,
 Far away, far away.

6 Oh, tell me of that happy throng,
 Far away, far away,
 Free from every sin and wrong,
 Far away, far away,
 Where all sickness is unknown,
 Where God claims them as his own,
 Far away, far away.

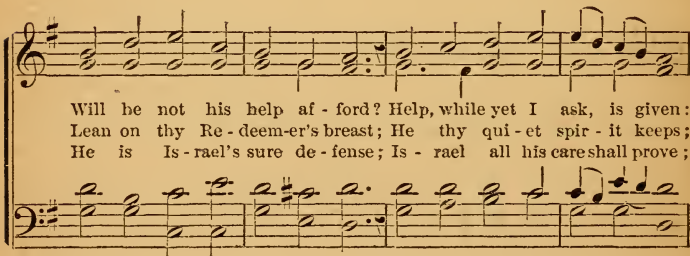
7 Oh, tell me of that happy home,
 Far away, far away,
 Where no troubles ever come,
 Far away, far away,
 Where I may forever rest,
 Where I'll be forever blest,
 Far away, far away.



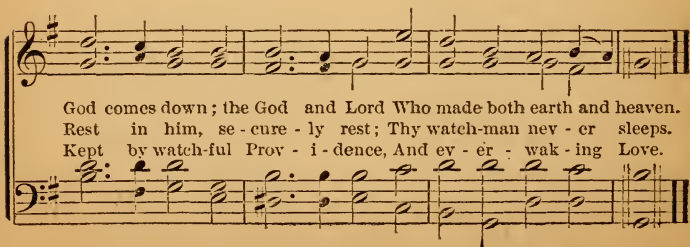
1. To the hills I lift mine eyes, The ev - er - last - ing hills;
 2. Faith-ful soul, pray al - ways; pray, And still in God con - fide;
 3. Nei - ther sin, nor earth, nor hell, Thy Keep - er can sur - prise;



Stream-ing thence in fresh sup-plies, My soul the Spir - it feels:
 He thy fee - ble steps shall stay, Nor suf - fer thee to slide:
 Care - less slum-bers can not steal On his all - see - ing eyes;



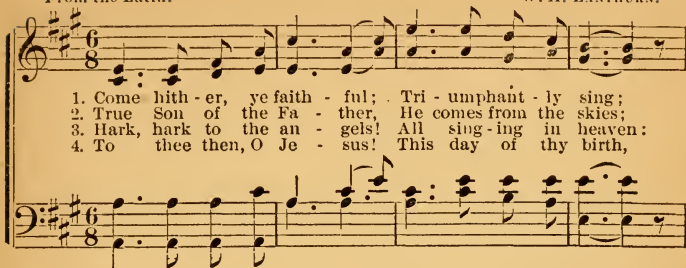
Will he not his help af - ford? Help, while yet I ask, is given:
 Lean on thy Re - deem-er's breast; He thy qui - et spir - it keeps;
 He is Is - rael's sure de - fense; Is - rael all his care shall prove;



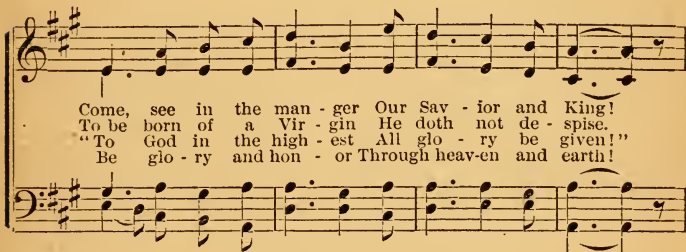
God comes down; the God and Lord Who made both earth and heaven.
 Rest in him, se - cure - ly rest; Thy watch-man nev - er sleeps.
 Kept by watch-ful Prov - i - dence, And ev - er - wak - ing Love.

From the Latin.

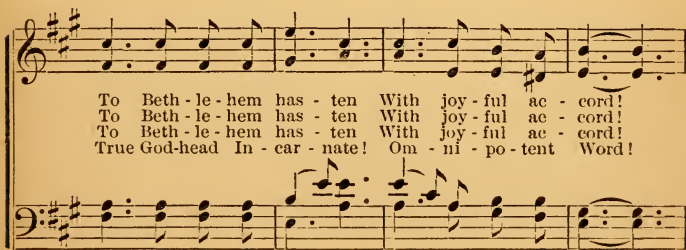
W. H. LANTHURN.



1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful; Tri - umphant - ly sing;
 2. True Son of the Fa - ther, He comes from the skies;
 3. Hark, hark to the an - gels! All sing - ing in heaven:
 4. To thee then, O Je - sus! This day of thy birth,



Come, see in the man - ger Our Sav - ior and King!
 To be born of a Vir - gin He doth not de - spise.
 "To God in the high - est All glo - ry be given!"
 Be glo - ry and hon - or Through heav - en and earth!

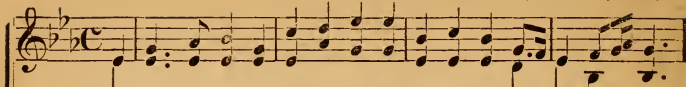


To Beth - le - hem has - ten With joy - ful ac - cord!
 To Beth - le - hem has - ten With joy - ful ac - cord!
 To Beth - le - hem has - ten With joy - ful ac - cord!
 True God - head In - car - nate! Om - ni - po - tent Word!

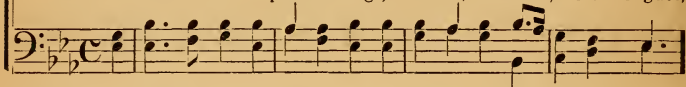


Oh, come ye, come hith - er, To wor - ship the Lord!
 Oh, come ye, come hith - er, To wor - ship the Lord!
 Oh, come ye, come hith - er, To wor - ship the Lord!
 Oh, come, let us has - ten To wor - ship the Lord!

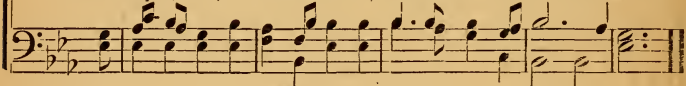
GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL. (1684—1759.) 1742.



1. Great God! we sing thy mighty hand, By which supported still we stand;
2. By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still are we guarded by our God;
3. With grateful hearts the past we own: The future, all to us unknown;
4. In scenes ex-alt-ed, or depressed, Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
5. When death shall interrupt these songs, And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,



The opening year thy mercy shows; That mercy crowns it till it close.
 By his in-ces-sant bounty fed, By his un-err-ing coun-sel led.
 We to thy guardian care commit, And peaceful leave before thy feet
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, Adored, thro' all our changing days.
 Our Helper, God, in whom we trust, In better worlds our souls shall boast.

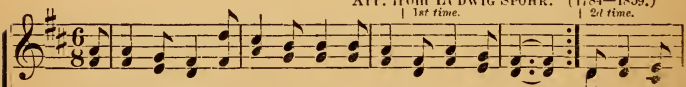


TRUST IN GOD.

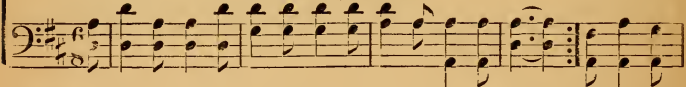
Arr. from LUDWIG SPOHR. (1784—1859.)

1st time.

2d time.

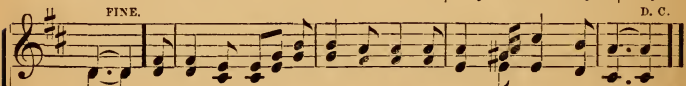


1. Our Father! thro' the coming year We know not what shall be;
 But we would leave without a fear Its or- - - - d'ring all to
- D.C. And all the good we tho't to gain, Deceive - - - - and prove but
2. It may be it shall darkly blend Our love with anxious fears,
 And snatch away the valued friend, The tried - - - - of ma-ny
- D.C. Thou knowest what for each is best, And thou - - - - art Per-fect

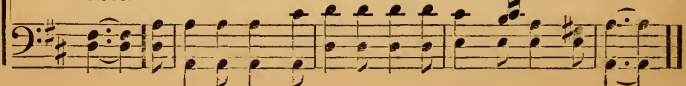


FINE.

D. C.



thee. It may be we shall toil in vain For what the world holds fair;
 care.
 years. But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest; No fears our trust shall move;
 Love.



MISS HARRIET AUBER. (1773-1862.) 1829.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY. (1809-1847.)

1. Hail, all hail the joyful morn ! Tell it forth from earth to heav'n, That "to us a
 2. Him prophetic strains proclaim King of kings, the Incarnate Word; Great and wonder-

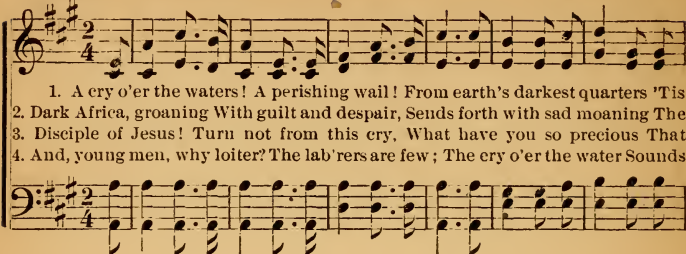
Child is born," That "to us a Son is given." } Angels bending from the sky, }
 } Chanted at the wondrous birth, }
 ful His name, Prince of Peace, the Mighty God. { Join we then our feeble lays, }
 { To the chorus of the sky; }

"Glo-ry be to God on high, Peace, good-will to man on earth."
 And, in songs of grateful praise, Glo - ry give to God on high.

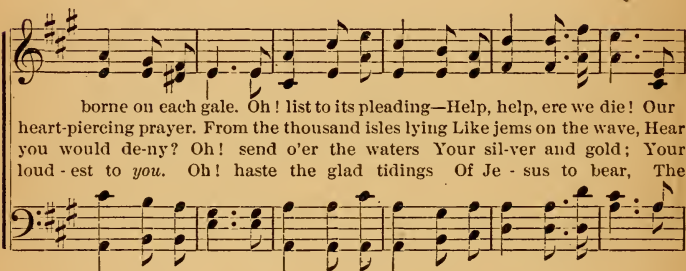
"Glo - ry be to God on high, Peace, good-will to man on earth."
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Arranged by E. S. LORENZ.

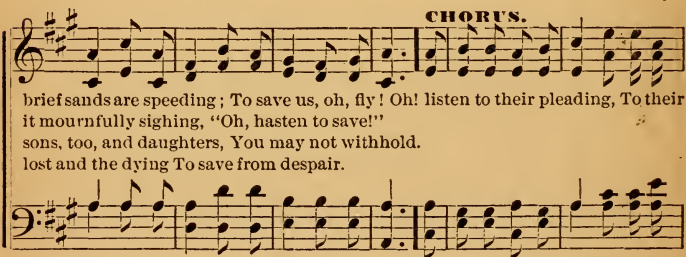
E. N. CAMPBELL.



1. A cry o'er the waters! A perishing wail! From earth's darkest quarters 'Tis
 2. Dark Africa, groaning With guilt and despair, Sends forth with sad moaning The
 3. Disciple of Jesus! Turn not from this cry, What have you so precious That
 4. And, young men, why loiter? The lab'ers are few; The cry o'er the water Sounds

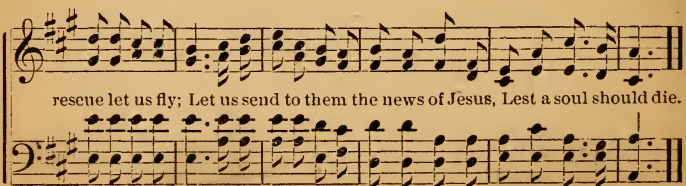


borne on each gale. Oh! list to its pleading—Help, help, ere we die! Our
 heart-piercing prayer. From the thousand isles lying Like jems on the wave, Hear
 you would de-ny? Oh! send o'er the waters Your sil-ver and gold; Your
 loud - est to you. Oh! haste the glad tidings Of Je - sus to bear, The



CHORUS.

briefsands are speeding; To save us, oh, fly! Oh! listen to their pleading, To their
 it mournfully sighing, "Oh, hasten to save!"
 sons, too, and daughters, You may not withhold.
 lost and the dying To save from despair.

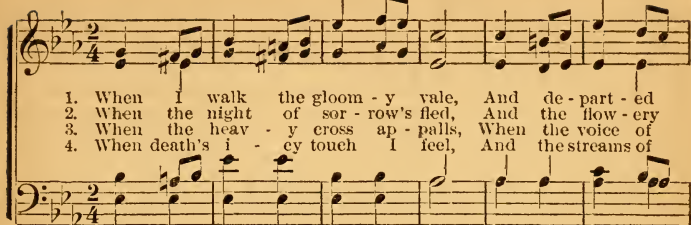


rescue let us fly; Let us send to them the news of Jesus, Lest a soul should die.

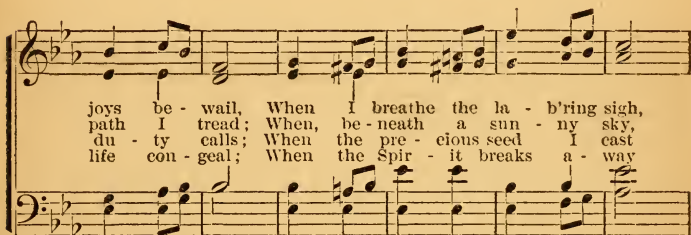
LORD, REMEMBER ME.

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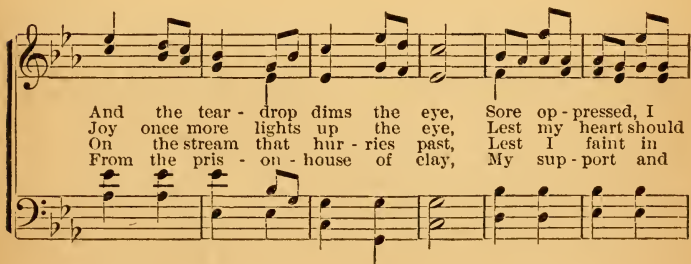
Words and Music by Rev. A. A. GRALEY.



1. When I walk the gloom - y vale, And de - part - ed
 2. When the night of sor - row's fled, And the flow - ery
 3. When the heav - y cross ap - palls, When the voice of
 4. When death's i - cy touch I feel, And the streams of



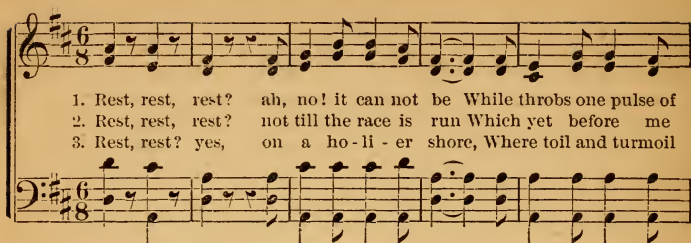
joys be - wail, When I breathe the la - b'ring sigh,
 path I tread; When, be - neath a sun - ny sky,
 du - ty calls; When the pre - cious seed I cast
 life con - geal; When the Spir - it breaks a - way



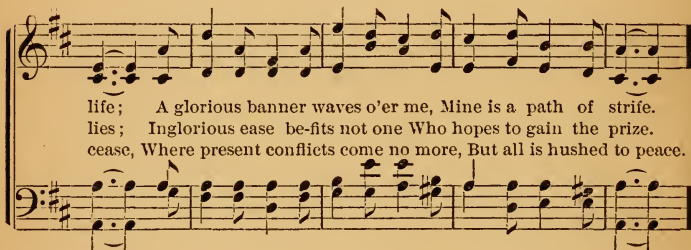
And the tear - drop dims the eye, Sore op - pressed, I
 Joy once more lights up the eye, Lest my heart should
 On the stream that hur - ries past, Lest I faint in
 From the pris - on - house of clay, My sup - port and



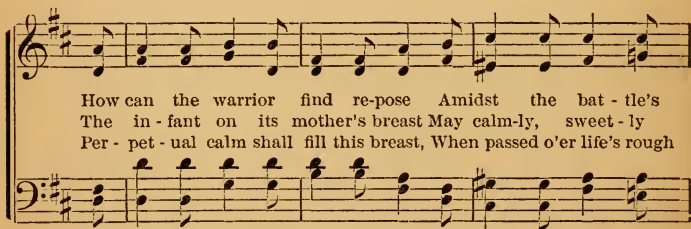
fly to thee; Je - sus, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 turn from thee, Je - sus, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 serv - ing thee, Je - sus, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 com - fort be; Je - sus, Lord, re - mem - ber me.



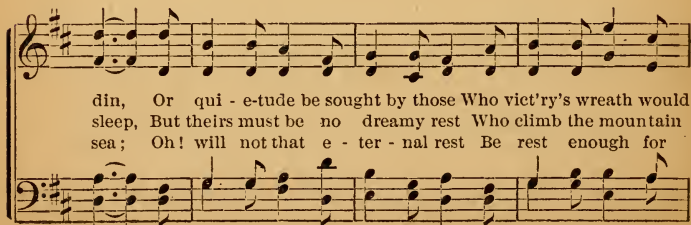
1. Rest, rest, rest? ah, no! it can not be While throbs one pulse of
 2. Rest, rest, rest? not till the race is run Which yet before me
 3. Rest, rest? yes, on a ho-li - er shore, Where toil and turmoil




life; A glorious banner waves o'er me, Mine is a path of strife.
 lies; Inglorious ease be-fits not one Who hopes to gain the prize.
 cease, Where present conflicts come no more, But all is hushed to peace.

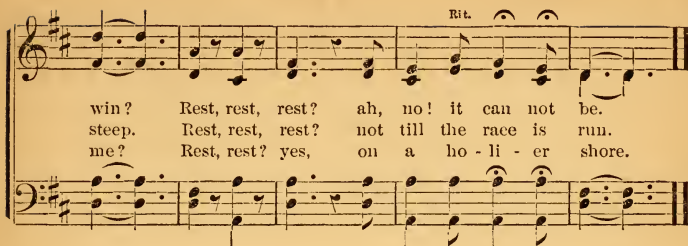


How can the warrior find re-pose Amidst the bat-tle's
 The in-fant on its mother's breast May calm-ly, sweet-ly
 Per-pet-ual calm shall fill this breast, When passed o'er life's rough



din, Or qui-e-tude be sought by those Who vict'ry's wreath would
 sleep, But theirs must be no dreamy rest Who climb the mountain
 sea; Oh! will not that e-ter-nal rest Be rest enough for

Rit. 



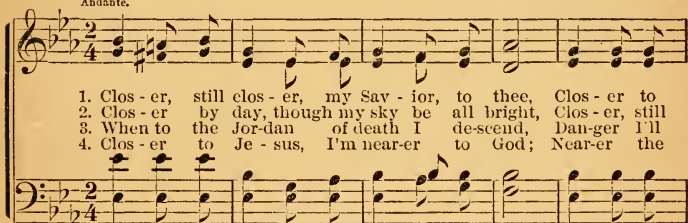
win? Rest, rest, rest? ah, no! it can not be.
steep. Rest, rest, rest? not till the race is run.
me? Rest, rest? yes, on a ho - li - er shore.

CLOSER TO JESUS.

L. R. C.

Andante.

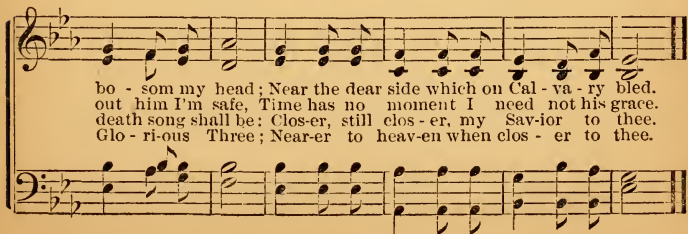
W. T. GIFFE. By per.



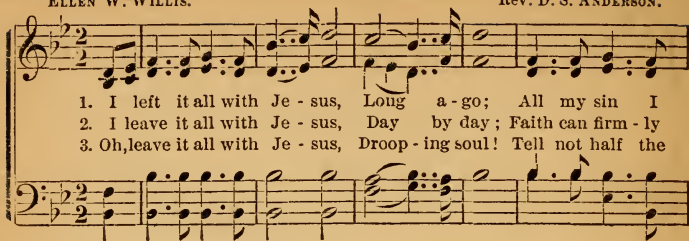
1. Clos - er, still clos - er, my Sav - ior, to thee, Clos - er to
2. Clos - er by day, though my sky be all bright, Clos - er, still
3. When to the Jor - dan of death I de - scend, Dan - ger I'll
4. Clos - er to Je - sus, I'm near - er to God; Near - er the



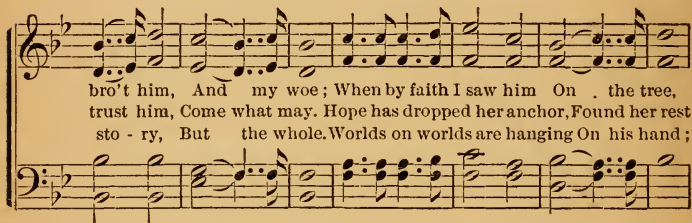
Je - sus, fain, fain would I be; Round me his arm, on his
clos - er when fall - eth the night; Earth has no spot where with
fear not if Christ be my friend; Breasting the bil - lows my
home of the Christian's a - bode; Near - er the Great and the



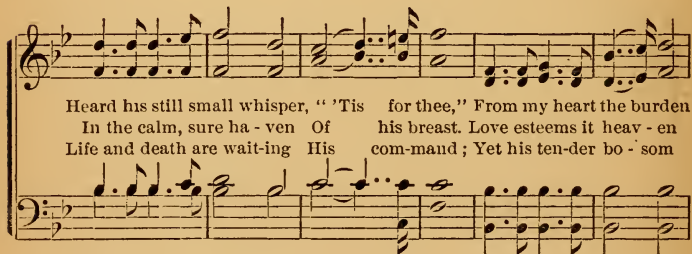
bo - som my head; Near the dear side which on Cal - va - ry bled.
out him I'm safe, Time has no moment I need not his grace.
death song shall be; Clos - er, still clos - er, my Sav - ior to thee.
Glo - ri - ous Three; Near - er to heav - en when clos - er to thee.



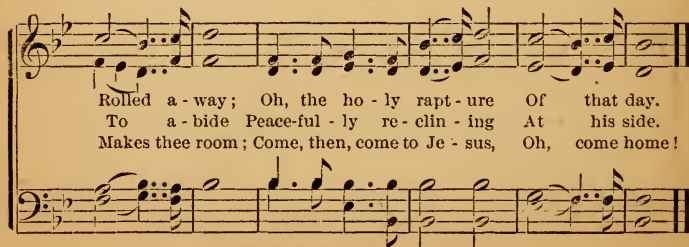
1. I left it all with Je - sus, Long a - go; All my sin I
 2. I leave it all with Je - sus, Day by day; Faith can firm - ly
 3. Oh, leave it all with Je - sus, Droop - ing soul! Tell not half the



bro't him, And my woe; When by faith I saw him On the tree,
 trust him, Come what may. Hope has dropped her anchor, Found her rest
 sto - ry, But the whole. Worlds on worlds are hanging On his hand;



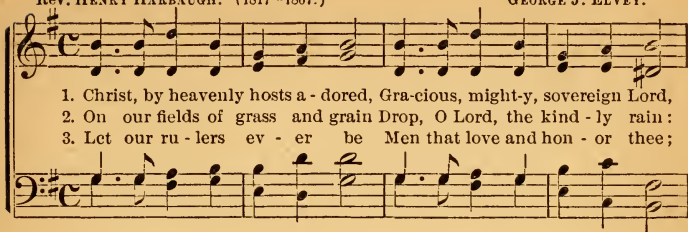
Heard his still small whisper, "'Tis for thee," From my heart the burden
 In the calm, sure ha - ven Of his breast. Love esteems it heav - en
 Life and death are wait - ing His com - mand; Yet his ten - der bo - som



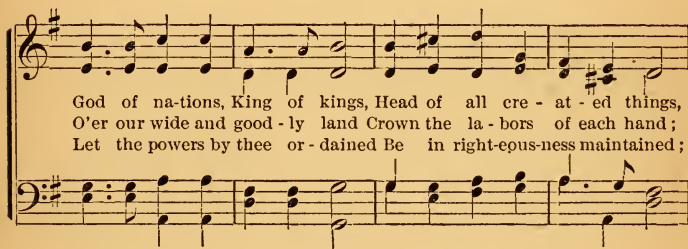
Rolled a - way; Oh, the ho - ly rapt - ure Of that day.
 To a - bide Peace - ful - ly re - clin - ing At his side.
 Makes thee room; Come, then, come to Je - sus, Oh, come home!

Rev. HENRY HARBAUGH. (1817-1867.)

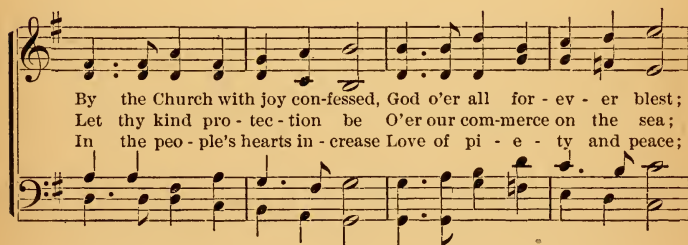
GEORGE J. ELVEY.



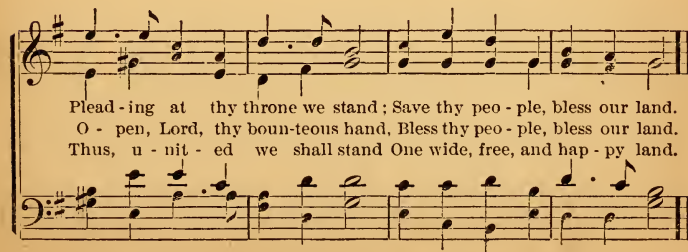
1. Christ, by heavenly hosts a - dored, Gra-cious, might-y, sovereign Lord,
 2. On our fields of grass and grain Drop, O Lord, the kind - ly rain :
 3. Let our ru - lers ev - er be Men that love and hon - or thee;



God of na-tions, King of kings, Head of all cre - at - ed things,
 O'er our wide and good - ly land Crown the la - bors of each hand ;
 Let the powers by thee or - dained Be in right-eous-ness maintained ;



By the Church with joy con-fessed, God o'er all for - ev - er blest ;
 Let thy kind pro - tec - tion be O'er our com-merce on the sea ;
 In the peo - ple's hearts in - crease Love of pi - e - ty and peace ;



Plead - ing at thy throne we stand ; Save thy peo - ple, bless our land.
 O - pen, Lord, thy boun-teous hand, Bless thy peo - ple, bless our land.
 Thus, u - nit - ed we shall stand One wide, free, and hap - py land.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of
 2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my petition
 3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy conso-la - tions

care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes
 bear, To him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to
 share, Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height I view my home and take my

known; In seasons of distress and grief My soul has oft-en found re-
 bless; And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word and trust his
 flight; This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ev - er-last-ing

lief, And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
 grace, I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
 prize; And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of
 prayer.

1. Yes, I shall soon be land - ed On yon - der shores of
 2. Yes, I shall soon be seat - ed With Je - sus on his
 3. With Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, I shall for - ev - er
 4. I soon shall reach the har - bor To which I speed my

bliss, There with my pow'rs expanded Shall dwell where Jesus is.
 throne, My foes be all de-feat - ed, And sa-cred peace made known
 reign; Sweet joy and peace inherit, And every good ob - tain.
 way, Shall cease from all my sorrow, And there forever stay.

CHORUS.

Oh, that in Jor-dan's swell-ing I may be helped to

sing, And pass the river tell-ing The triumphs of my King!

1. From this ter - rene and mor - tal shore, The
 2. And glid - ing from the realms on high, The
 3. Send up thy wish - es, sor - rowing one! The
 4. His yearn - ing love so full and free, No

place of tears and sighs, Out-stretched, as on an
 light - ning cur - rents flow, Which send a thrill of
 Lord in - clines his ear; And soon from his e-
 wing of ser - aph needs; But quick as thought from

o - cean floor, A mys - tic ca - ble lies.
 ho - ly joy To myr - iad souls be - low.
 ter - nal throne Glad tid - ings thou shalt hear!
 heaven to thee, Thy Fa - ther's mes - sage speeds.

REFRAIN.

Send a mes - sage! Send a mes - sage! For God will hear thy prayer.

Andante, with feeling.

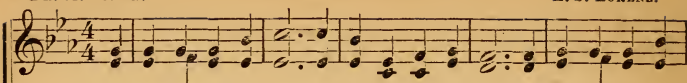
E. NEWTON CAMPBELL.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
 2. Near - er the bound of life Where bur - dens are laid down,
 3. Je - sus, con - firm my trust, Strengthen the hand of faith

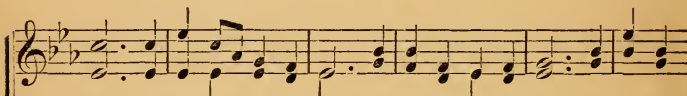
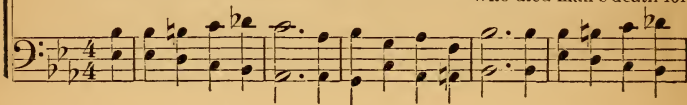
I'm near - er home to - day Than I have been be - fore.
 Near - er to leave the cross, Near - er to gain the crown.
 To feel thee when I stand Up - on the shore of death.

Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be;
 But ly - ing dark be - tween, And wind - ing through the night,
 Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink,

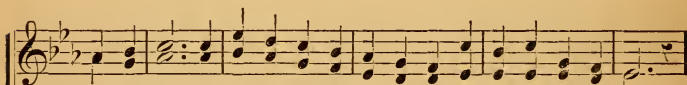
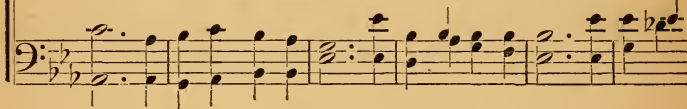
Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
 The deep and unknown stream, Crossed ere we reach the light.
 For I am near - er home, Per - haps, than now I think.



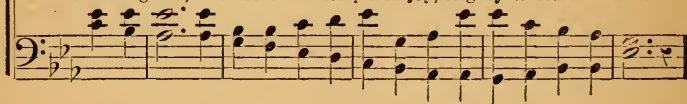
1. To know the Christ of God, The ev-er - lasting Son ; To know what he on
2. The Christ, th' incarnate Son, The Christ, th' eternal Word,
3. The Christ, who took man's flesh, Who lived man's life below ;
The Christ, heaven's glorious
Who died man's death for



earth, For guilt-y man has done: This is the first and last Of all that's
King, The Christ, earth's coming Lord, The Christ, the sum of all, Jehovah's
man,—The death of shame and woe: The Christ, who from the cross Descended



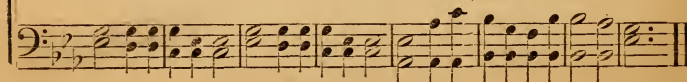
true and wise, The circle that contains all light Beneath, above, the skies.
power and grace, God's treasure-house of truth and love,
to man's grave, Then rose in victory and joy, Mighty to bless and save.



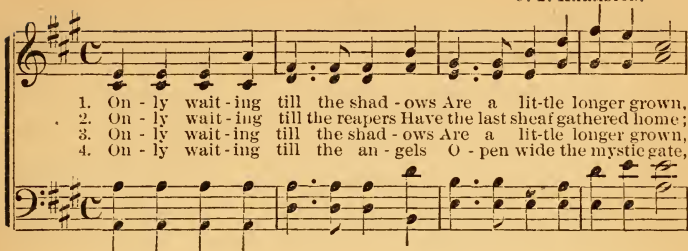
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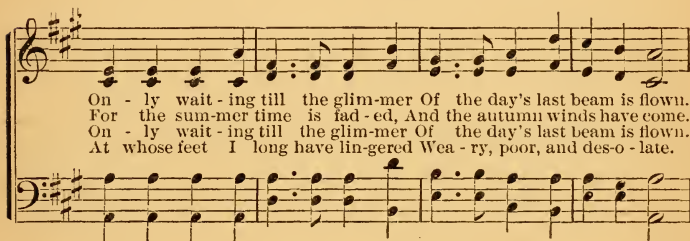
Father, unseal my eyes, Unveil my veiled heart,
Reveal this Christ, Reveal this Christ to me!



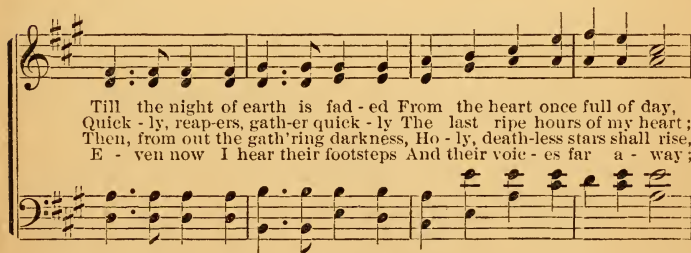
J. T. HARMSTON.



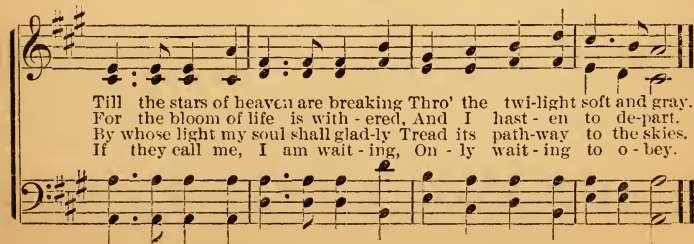
1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle longer grown,
 2. On - ly wait - ing till the reapers Have the last sheaf gathered home;
 3. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle longer grown,
 4. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the mystic gate,



On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown.
 For the sum - mer time is fad - ed, And the autumn winds have come.
 On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown.
 At whose feet I long have lin - gered Wea - ry, poor, and des - o - late.



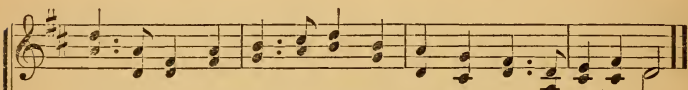
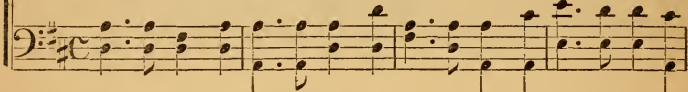
Till the night of earth is fad - ed From the heart once full of day,
 Quick - ly, reap - ers, gath - er quick - ly The last ripe hours of my heart;
 Then, from out the gath'ring darkness, Ho - ly, death - less stars shall rise,
 E - ven now I hear their footsteps And their voice - es far a - way;



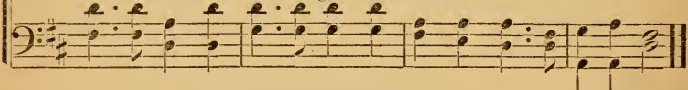
Till the stars of heaven are breaking Thro' the two - light soft and gray.
 For the bloom of life is with - ered, And I hast - en to de - part.
 By whose light my soul shall glad - ly Tread its path - way to the skies.
 If they call me, I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.



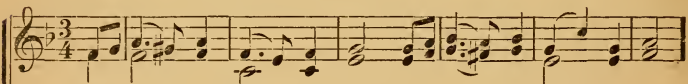
1. Christians, wake! no more be sleeping, Up, and let us watch be keeping;
2. Near - er than when we be-liev - ed, And the grace of God re-ceive-d,
3. Up! in - i - qui - ty's a-bound-ing, Dan-ger is our path sur-rounding,
4. Ma - ny cold in love are grow-ing, Ma - ny from the faith are go-ing;
5. World - li - ness and sin es-chew-ing, Trust-ful - ly our path pur-su-ing,
6. Up, and in - stant be in pray-ing, Faith-ful un - to Je - sus stay-ing,
7. Pa - tient - ly may we a-wait him, Joy - ful - ly go forth to meet him,



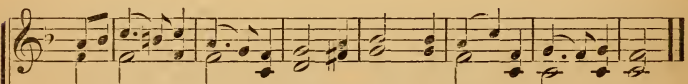
Far spent is the night of weep-ing, And the day is near at hand.
 And from bondage were re - liev - ed, Our de - sired sal - va - tion is.
 And the cry will soon be sound-ing, Lo, the bridegroom cometh now!
 Let our love and zeal be glow-ing, Let us ev - er read-y stand.
 And our work ap - point-ed do - ing, Let us at our posts be found.
 Faint not, tho' he be de - lay - ing, He will sure - ly come at last.
 And with loud ho - san-nas greet him When he comes to take us home.



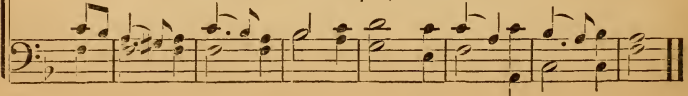
THRONE OF GRACE. S. M.



1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near;
2. That rich a - ton - ing blood, Which sprinkled round I see,
3. My soul! ask what thou wilt, Thou canst not be too bold!



There Je - sus shows a smil-ing face, And waits to an - swer prayer.
 Pro - vides, for those who come to God, An all - pre - vail - ing plea.
 Since his own blood for thee he spilt, What else can he with-hold?



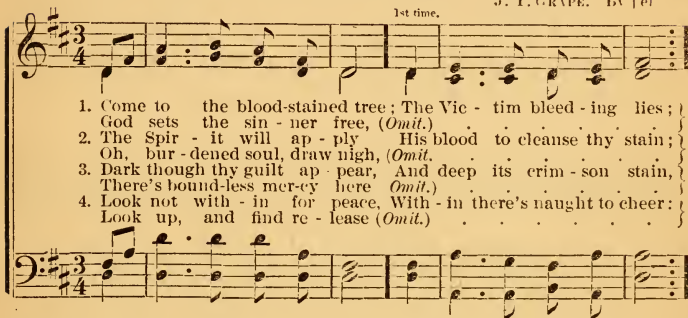
4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE. 6s.

J. T. GRAPE. Ba 1st

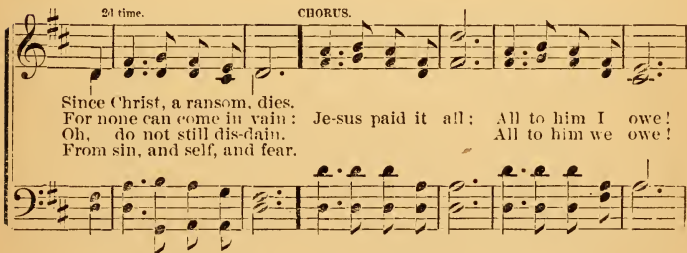
1st time.



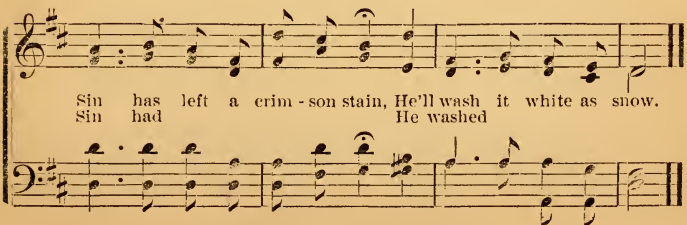
1. Come to the blood-stained tree; The Vic - tim bleed - ing lies;
God sets the sin - ner free, (*Omit.*)
2. The Spir - it will ap - ply His blood to cleanse thy stain;
Oh, bur - dened soul, draw nigh, (*Omit.*)
3. Dark though thy guilt ap - pear, And deep its crim - son stain,
There's bound - less mer - cy here (*Omit.*)
4. Look not with - in for peace, With - in there's naught to cheer:
Look up, and find re - lease (*Omit.*)

2d time.

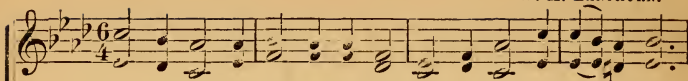
CHORUS.



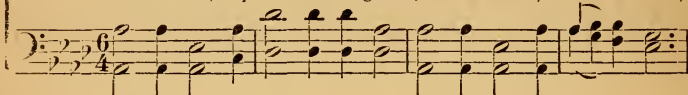
Since Christ, a ransom, dies,
For none can come in vain: Je - sus paid it all: All to him I owe!
Oh, do not still dis - dain. All to him we owe!
From sin, and self, and fear.



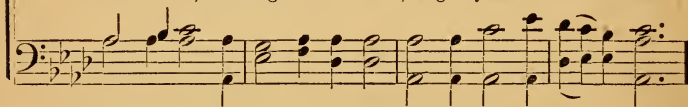
Sin has left a crim - son stain, He'll wash it white as snow.
Sin had He washed



1. Lord! I hear of showers of blessing, Thou art scattering broad and free;
2. Pass me not, oh, gracious Father! Sinful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, oh, tender Savior! Let me love and cling to thee;
4. Pass me not, oh, mighty Spirit! Thou canst make the blind to see;
5. Have I long in sin been sleeping, Long been slighting, grieving thee?
6. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of God, so rich and free;



Showers, the thirsty land refreshing; Let their fullness fall on me.
 Thou might'st curse me, but the rather Let thy mercy fall on me.
 I am longing for thy fa-vor: When thou comest, call for me.
 Wit-ness - er of Je-sus' mer-it, Speak the word of power to me.
 Has the world my heart been keeping? Oh, forgive and rescue me.
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Magni-fy them all in me.

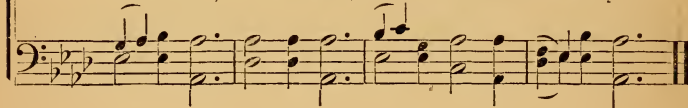


REFRAIN.

Ritard.



E - ven me, e - ven me; Let their fullness fall on me.

*The Pleading Savior.*

1 Now the Savior standeth pleading
 At the Sinner's bolted heart;
 Now in heaven he's interceding,
 Taking there the sinner's part,

Even now!

2 Sinner! can you hate this Savior?
 Will you thrust him from your arms?
 Once he died through your behavior,
 Now he calls you by his charms,

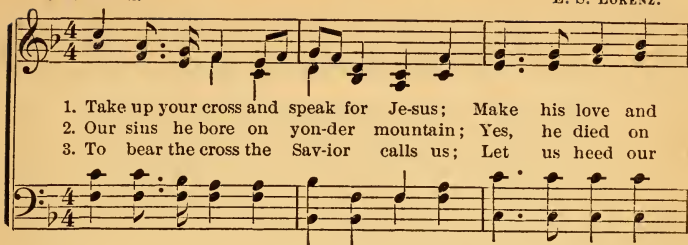
Even now!

3 Sinner! hear your God and Savior,
 Hear his gracious voice to-day,
 Turn from all your vain behavior,
 Oh! repent, return, and pray,

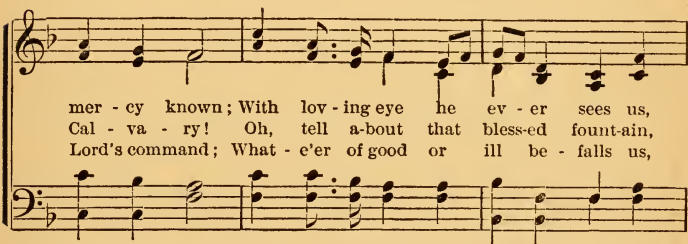
Even now!

4 Come, for all things now are ready,
 Yet there's room for many more;
 Oh, ye blind, ye lame and needy,
 Come to wisdom's boundless store,

Even now!

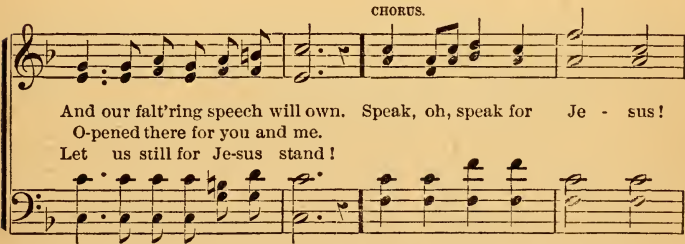


1. Take up your cross and speak for Je-sus; Make his love and
 2. Our sins he bore on yon-der mountain; Yes, he died on
 3. To bear the cross the Sav-ior calls us; Let us heed our



mer - cy known; With lov - ing eye he ev - er sees us,
 Cal - va - ry! Oh, tell a-bout that bless-ed fount-ain,
 Lord's command; What - e'er of good or ill be - falls us,

CHORUS.



And our falt'ring speech will own. Speak, oh, speak for Je - sus!
 O-pened there for you and me.
 Let us still for Je-sus stand!



{ He who ever hears and sees us, } Yes, speak for Jesus! Speak, speak for [Jesus!
 { And from sinful bondage frees us, }

1. Si-lent, like men in solemn haste, Girded way-far - ers of the waste,
 2. We fling a - side the weight and sin, Resolved the victory to win;
 3. No idling now, no wasteful sleep; We trim our lamps, our vigils keep;
 4. No love of pres-ent gain nor ease, No seek-ing man nor self to please -
 5. Night is far spent, and morn is near, Morn of the cloudless and the clear;
 6. An-oth-er year - it may be less - And we have crossed the wilderness;

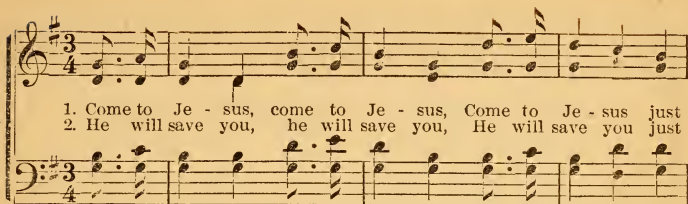
We press a - long the nar-row road That leads to life, to bliss, to God.
 We know the per - il, but our eyes Rest on the splen-dor of the prize.
 No shrinking from the desperate fight, No tho't of yielding, or of flight.
 With the brave heart and steady eye, We onward march to vic-to - ry.
 'Tis but a lit - tle, and we come To our reward, our crown, our home.
 Finished the toil, the rest be - gun, The battle fought, the triumph won.

SAVIOR, THINK OF ME.

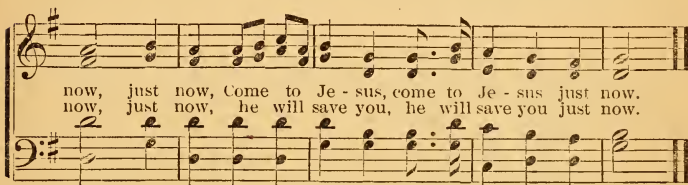
J. T. HARMSTON.

1. Jesus, Savior, think of me When my heart is sad; When life's sorrows weigh me down,
 2. Jesus, Savior, think of me When I'm tossed about On life's stormy billows by
 3. Jesus, Savior think of me, Never leave my side; While I'm in this sinful world
 4. Blessed Savior, think of me When I come to die; Let the ho-ly angel bands

Thou canst make me glad.
 Many a fear and doubt. Think of me, think of me, Blessed Savior, think of me.
 Let thy Spirit guide.
 Bear me to the sky.



1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just
 2. He will save you, he will save you, He will save you just



now, just now, Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.
 now, just now, he will save you, he will save you just now.

3 Oh, believe him.

4 He is able.

5 He is willing.

6 He'll receive you

7 Call upon him.

8 He will hear you.

9 Look unto him.

10 He'll forgive you.

11 Flee to Jesus.

12 He will cleanse you.

13 He will clothe you.

14 Jesus loves you.

15 Do n't reject him.

16 Only trust him.

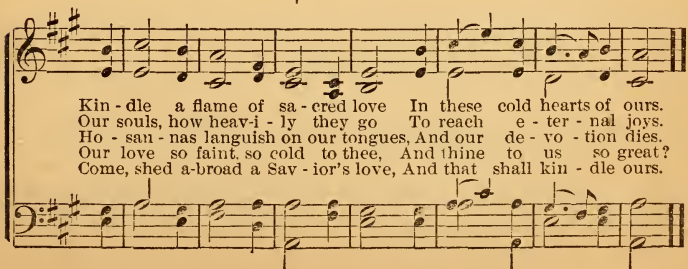
17 Hallelujah. Amen.

BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Melody.



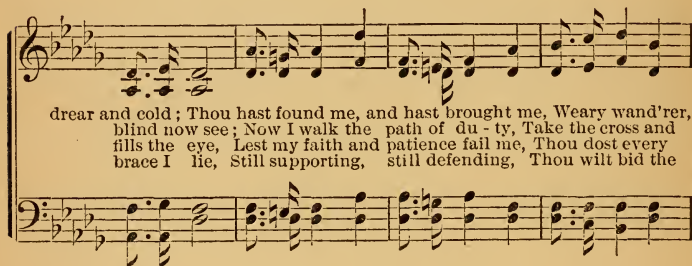
1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove ! With all thy quick'ning powers—
 2. Look—how we gro - vel here be-low, Fond of these trif - ling toys!
 3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
 4. Dear Lord ! and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?
 5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove ! With all thy quick'ning powers;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav-i - ly they go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?
 Come, shed a-broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.



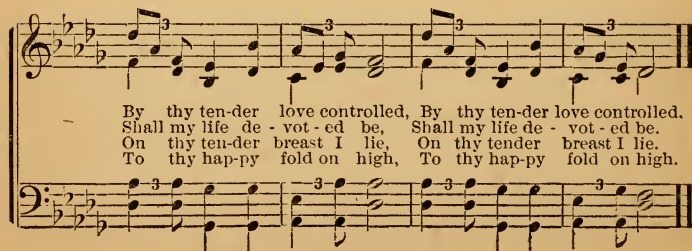
1. Lov-ing Shepherd, thou hast sought me On the mountains
 2. Now I gaze up - on thy beau-ty, For the eyes once
 3. When the storms of life as-sail me, And the tear-drop
 4. When life's wea-ry day is end - ing, And in death's em -



drear and cold; Thou hast found me, and hast brought me, Weary wand'r'er,
 blind now see; Now I walk the path of du - ty, Take the cross and
 fills the eye, Lest my faith and patience fail me, Thou dost every
 brace I lie, Still supporting, still defending, Thou wilt bid the



to thy fold. I will praise thee, I will praise thee,
 fol - low thee: To thy glo - ry, To thy glo - ry
 want sup - ply: Calm and trust - ful, Calm and trust - ful,
 dark-ness fly, And wilt bear me, And wilt bear me



By thy ten-der love controlled, By thy ten-der love controlled.
 Shall my life de - vot - ed be, Shall my life de - vot - ed be.
 On thy ten-der breast I lie, On thy tender breast I lie.
 To thy hap-py fold on high, To thy hap-py fold on high.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.

1. Oh, for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame!
 2. Where is the blessed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
 3. What peaceful hours I then enjoyed! How sweet their memory still!
 4. Re-turn, oh, ho-ly Dove! re-turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest;

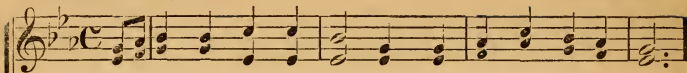
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is the soul - re - fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and his word?
 But now I find an ach-ing void The world can never fill.
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn And drove thee from my breast.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

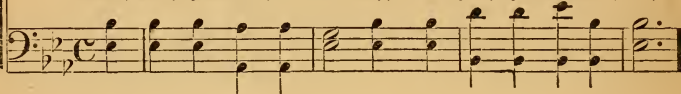
WILLIAM TANSUR. (1693-1770.) 1735.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God! A heart from sin set free!
 2. A heart re-signed, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne;
 3. A hum-ble, low-ly, con-trite heart, Believing, true, and clean;
 4. A heart in ev-ry thought renewed, And full of love di-vine;

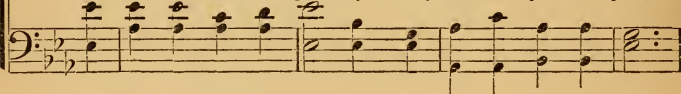
A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!
 Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone:
 Which neither life nor death can part From him that dwells within.
 Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop-y, Lord, of thine!



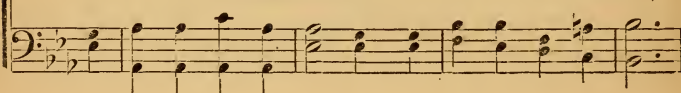
1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand—
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed By wis - dom from on high,
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



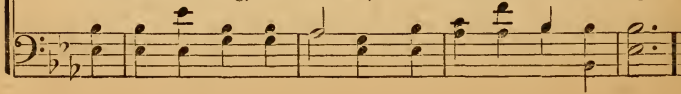
Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand—
 Shall we to man be - night - ed The light of life de - ny?
 Till like a sea of glo - ry It spreads from pole to pole,



From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain—
 Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ran -omed na - ture The Lamb, for sin - ners slain,

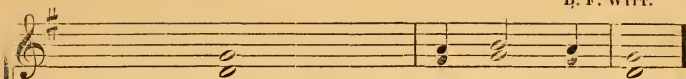


They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

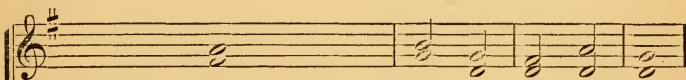
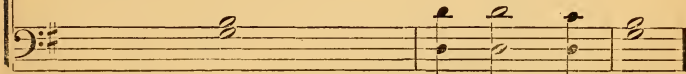


OUR FATHER.

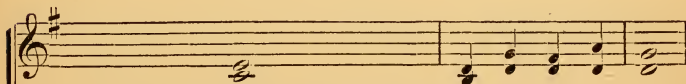
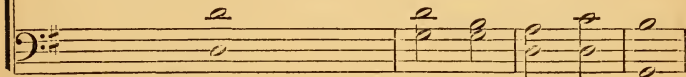
189
B. F. WITT.



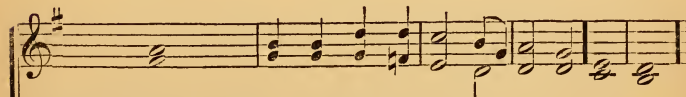
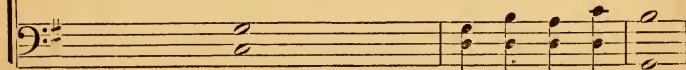
Our Father which art in heaven, . . . hal - lowed be thy name;



Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.



Give us this day our daily bread : and forgive
us our debts as we forgive our debtors ; and } liv - er us from evil :
lead us not into temptation, but de - - }



For thine is the king- } power, and the glory for-ev - er. A - men. A - men.
dom, and the . . . }



1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While his dear cross ap-pears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would he de - vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
 When Christ, the mighty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin!
 Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE. (1710—1778.) 1762.

1. A - maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares I have al-read - y come;
 4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
 5. And when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease;
 6. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow, The sun for-bear to shine,

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap-pear: The hour I first be - lieved.
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
 I shall pos - sess, with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.
 But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

WILLIAM TANSUR. (1768.)

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill—
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly:

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 Oh, may it all my powers en - gage— To do my Master's will.
 And oh, thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
 As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

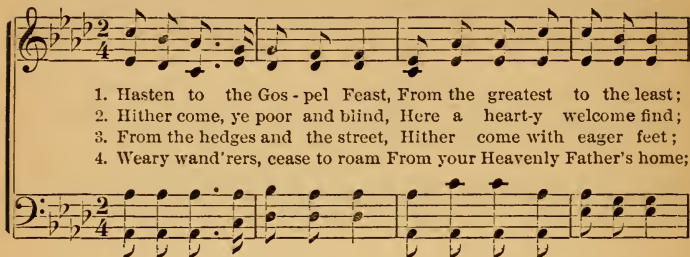
ISAAC SMITH. 1770.

1. E - quip me for the war, And teach my hands to fight; My
 2. Con - trol my ev - ery thought; My whole of sin re - move; Let
 3. Oh, arm me with the mind, Meek Lamb, that was in thee; And
 4. With calm and tempered zeal Let me en - force thy call; And
 5. Oh, may I learn the art With meek - ness to re - prove; To

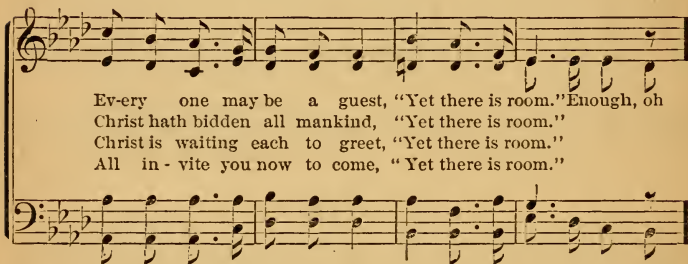
sim - ple, up - right heart pre - pare, And guide my words a - right.
 all my works in thee be wrought, Let all be wrought in love.
 let my know - ing zeal be joined With per - fect char - i - ty.
 vin - di - cate thy gra - cious will, Which of - fers life to all.
 hate the sin with all my heart, But still the sin - ner love.

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Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

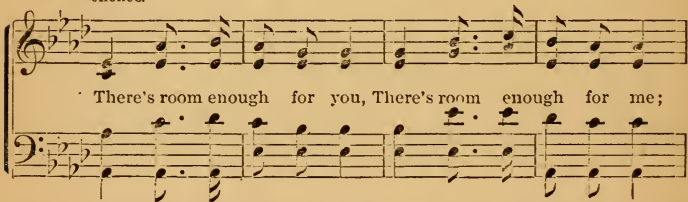


1. Hasten to the Gos - pel Feast, From the greatest to the least;
 2. Hither come, ye poor and blind, Here a heart-y welcme find;
 3. From the hedges and the street, Hither come with eager feet;
 4. Weary wand'ers, cease to roam From your Heavenly Father's home;

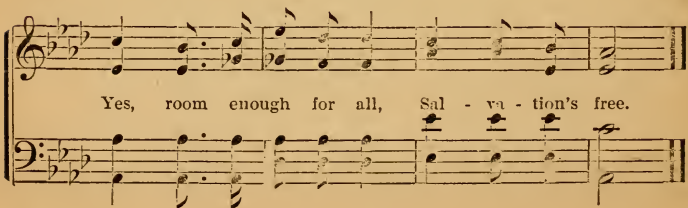


Ev-ery one may be a guest, "Yet there is room." Enough, oh
 Christ hath bidden all mankind, "Yet there is room."
 Christ is waiting each to greet, "Yet there is room."
 All in - vite you now to come, "Yet there is room."

CHORUS.

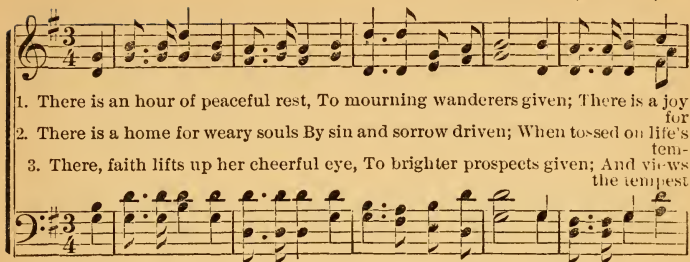


There's room enough for you, There's room enough for me;

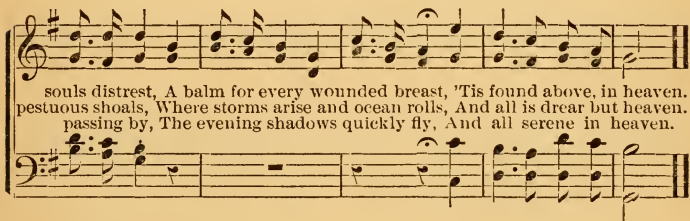


Yes, room enough for all, Sal - va - tion's free.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD. (1781-1864.)



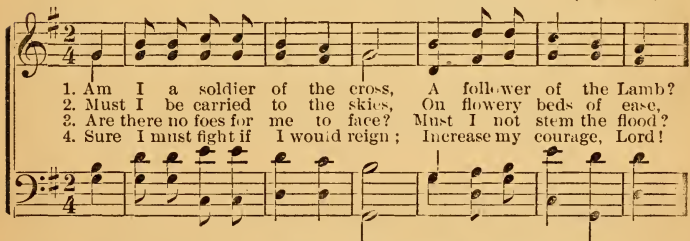
1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for
 2. There is a home for weary souls By sin and sorrow driven; When tossed on life's tem-
 3. There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye, To brighter prospects given; And views the tempest



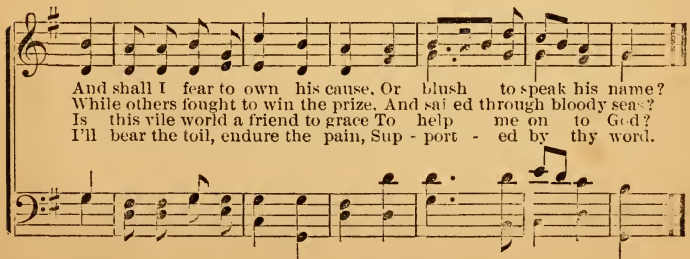
souls distress, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found above, in heaven.
 pestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.
 passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heaven.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

REV. RALPH HARRISON. (1748-1810.)



1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be carried to the skies, On flowery beds of ease,
 2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord!

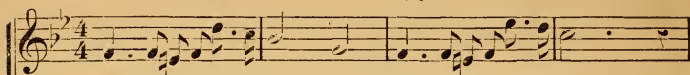


And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

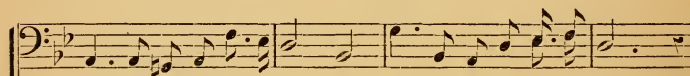
ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

CHAS. D. BLAKE.

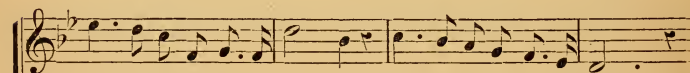
By permission of F. A. NORTH & Co.



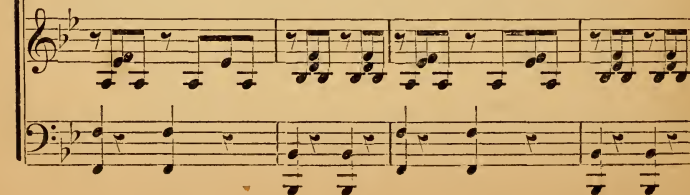
1. Have you ever heard the sto - ry. How an angel, bright and fair,
2. Oft the earth grows rough for treading, For our darling's dainty feet,
3. When the days grow dark and dreary, And we can no longer roam,

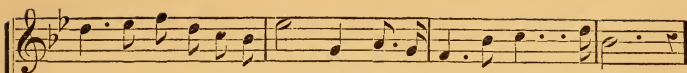


Near the shining gates of glo - ry, Always waits and watches there,
 So we loose the gold-en threading—Kiss the silent mouth so sweet,
 When we falter, worn and wea - ry, Near our dear e - ter - nal home,

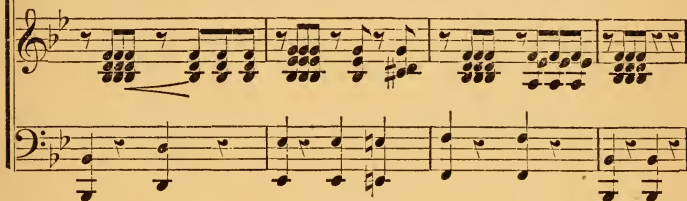


Lest some wanderer, re - turn - ing To their portals, lone and late,
 And while other children wan - der On this earth-land long and late,
 Sad and footsore, fainting, fall-ing,— Do the an - gels ev - er wait?

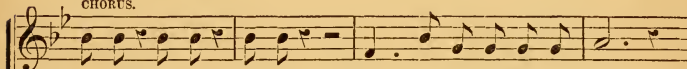




Calls in vain, with eager yearn-ing, For some hand to ope the gate.
 With the an-gels o-ver yon-der, They are watching by the gate.
 Will they hear our voices call-ing, Watching by the gold-en gate?



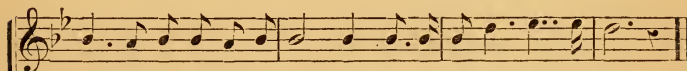
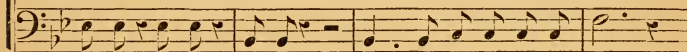
CHORUS.



Watching, watching, watching, Watch-ing by the golden gate,



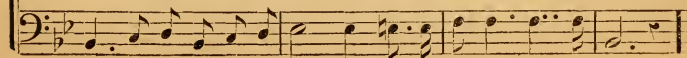
Watching, watching, watching, Watch-ing by the golden gate,



With the an-gels o-ver yon-der, They are watching by the gate.



With the an-gels o-ver yon-der, They are watching by the gate.



Dr. H. BONAR.

E. S. LORENZ.

Slowly.

1. Beyond the smiling }
and the . . . } weep-ing, I shall be soon; { Beyond the waking }
2. Beyond the rising } set - ting, I shall be soon; { and the . . . }
3. Beyond the parting } meet - ing, I shall be soon; { Beyond the calming }
and the . . . } { and the . . . }
4. Beyond the frost- } fe - ver, I shall be soon; { Beyond the farewell }
chain and the . . . } { and the . . . }
Beyond the rock- }
waste and the . . . }

sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.
fret-ting, Beyond rememb'ring and forget-ting, I shall be soon.
greeting, Beyond the pulse's fever beat - ing, I shall be soon.
riv - er, Beyond the ever and the nev - er, I shall be soon.

Love, rest and home! Sweet, sweet home! Oh, how sweet it will be
Sweet, sweet home!

there to meet The loved ones all at home! Oh, how sweet it will be

there to meet The loved ones all at home!

This block contains the musical notation for the first system of the song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

SEEK JESUS NOW.

1. Seek Je - sus now, oh, seek him now, With health and beauty
 2. Seek Je - sus now, time's rapid stream Glides onward; life is
 3. Seek Je - sus now; oh! tri - fle not With thy poor soul which
 4. Seek Je - sus now, for now he'll save All those who will sal-
 5. Seek Je - sus now; how dost thou know To - mor - row he will

This block contains the musical notation for the second system of the song. It features a treble and bass staff in G minor (two flats) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

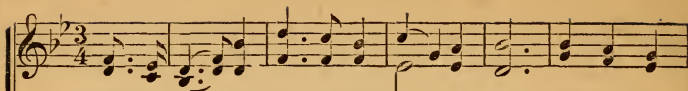
on thy brow, For they soon may pass a - way— Beau-ty's frail, and
 but a dream; Short-ly thou wilt pass a - way, Like a brief and
 Christ hath bought; Seek him now, my broth-er dear, Seek him now, while
 va - tion have; Will - ing now, he read - y stands Thee to bless with
 woo thee so? Death may snatch thy soul a-way; Seek him now, no

This block contains the musical notation for the third system of the song. It features a treble and bass staff in G minor (two flats) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

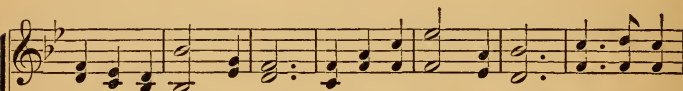
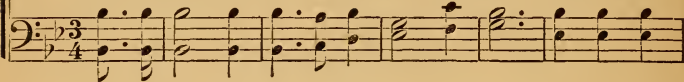
will de - cay
 tran - sient day.
 he is near.
 outstretched hands.
 more de - lay.

Seek Je - sus now, oh, seek him now.

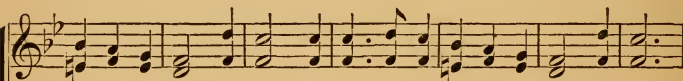
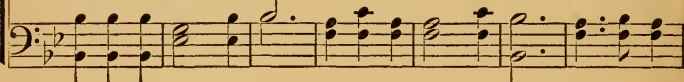
This block contains the musical notation for the fourth system of the song. It features a treble and bass staff in G minor (two flats) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.



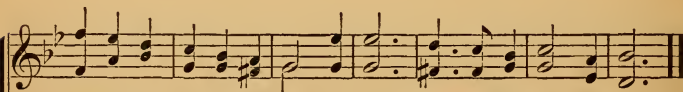
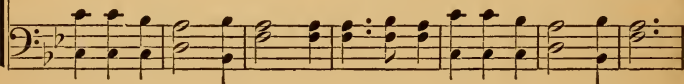
1. Thou hast heard, be - lov - ed, that gen - tle call, Speak - ing to
2. Hast thou answered, be - lov - ed, that gen - tle call, Grate - ful - ly
3. Thou hast heard, be - lov - ed, a dy - ing cry Ring from the
4. Tell me now, oh, tell, is thy trust - ing eye Turned to the



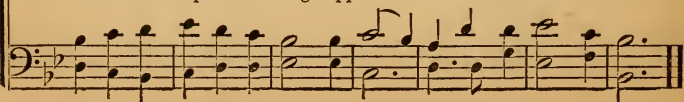
thee as it speaks to all, "Come to the Sav - ior now." Come in the
 yield - ing thy life, thy all, To him who lov - eth now? Wait not the
 cross of Cal - va - ry, Look to the Sav - ior now! Look, and thine
 cross of Cal - va - ry, Look - ing to Je - sus now? Wait - ing not



freshness of life's young spring, While early af - fections are blos - som - ing;
 while till the day draws on, Till most of its gold - en hours are gone,
 ev - er - y sin shall be Cleansed in the blood that was shed for thee—
 till the sins of years Bur - den thy spirit with doubts and fears,



These as thy trib - ute to Je - sus bring, "Come to the Sav - ior now."
 Stay not till la - bor on earth is done— Live to the Sav - ior now.
 Look, and thy perfect re - demp - tion see, Look to the Sav - ior now.
 Now—while the promise so nigh appears— Look to the Sav - ior now!



1. Ask ye what great thing I know? What de-lights and stirs me so?
 2. What is faith's foundation strong? What a-wakes my lips to song?
 3. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be?
 4. This is that great thing I know; This de-lights and stirs me so;

What the high re - ward I win? Whose the name I glo - ry in?
 He who bore my sin - ful load, Purchased for me peace with God.
 Who will place me on his right, With the countless host of light?
 Faith in him who died to save, Him who triumphed o'er the grave.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus! He my Sav - ior cru - ci - fied;
 on - ly Je - sus!

On - ly him, on - ly him, On - ly Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

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